National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY,
OLIVER JOHNSON, } .... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor

VOL. XIV. NO. 29. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1853. WHOLE NO. 705.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, on Saturday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 Nassau street, New York. Terms, *Two Dollars* per annum. Printed for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by Norris & Johnston, printers, No. 21 Spruce street, New York.

Selections.

A SOUTHERN VIEW OF A QUESTION BETWEEN THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

The party in this country which has least to do in agitating the Slavery question is the Seward party in this State. All other parties and factions agitate it with as little remorse as a kitchen-maid stirs a kettle of hasty pudding. All who insist upon the Baltimore platform agitate it; all who denounce the platform agitate. Mr. Pierce set the example of agitating it, in his inaugural; Greene C. Bronson and Charles O'Conor agitate it; Caleb Cushing writes and publishes letters agitating it; his newspaper at Washington agitates it every day; Judge McLean agitates it in his decisions respecting the Fugitive Slave law; the Richmond *Enquirer* agitates it; the Charleston *Mercury* agitates it; we agitate it ourselves whenever we think proper, without asking anybody's leave. Compared with the disputants and pragmatists of whom we have spoken, Mr. Seward and his friends may be said to be silent on the subject. The compromise never disturbs *their* quiet; to read the greater number of their journals, the speeches of their public men, the letters of their candidates, one would almost think that there had been no compromise. Some think this is the effect of a shrewd policy, some that it is the consequence of a want of sincere convictions; we do not undertake to decide the point. All we have to say at present is, that they are fortunate in being able to behave themselves as if they had no platform respecting the Slavery question to quarrel about. There are one or two journals, of a peculiar character, whose course may be considered as an exception to this remark, but their influence is not suffered to disturb the general tranquility of the Seward party in regard to this question.

We have now before us a sample of the manner in which the delicate topic alluded to is yet agitated at the South. The Charleston *Standard*, a Union print, publishes a series of strictures on Judge McLean's late decision, furnished by a correspondent who takes the same view of the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law which has been taken in the *Eeening Post*. The *Standard* commends to its readers the argument of its correspondent in the following terms:

"He holds the stipulations of the Constitution in reference to fugitives from labour as a compact between sovereign States; they have not vested the Congress of the United States with any power to carry these provisions into effect by legislation, and from this fact it results that they have reserved to themselves, in their original capacity of sovereign powers, the supreme right of determining their infraction, and the mode and measure of redress. Establishing this position, he regards the exercise of the power by Congress to determine the measures most proper to effect the purposes of these provisions as unauthorized, and as a concession fatal to the South.

"These conclusions it would be proper to consider. It is true that powers, not conferred upon Congress, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people; it is also true that there is no power conferred by this clause of the constitution upon Congress to carry its provisions into effect. *And instead of clinging to this provision of the compromise act as a compensation for its most objectionable features, it might be well for us to consider whether we have not, in fact, made a concession more fatal to our separate and distinct existence than even the founders of the constitution were themselves prepared to make.*"

In other words, whether the mischief done by a strained and violent construction of the constitution—to use a soft expression for a direct violation of that instrument—be not greater than the advantage gained by the slaveholders in anything which they can promise themselves from the execution of the Fugitive Slave law. The slave States may yet find it so in their own case. They will not always preserve that predominance in the administration of political affairs which they now have. The disproportion which exists between them and the free States is becoming greater with the lapse of every year, and it may well happen, when the free States shall have become so strong that their politicians shall no longer think it worth their while to court the South, that this precedent of wresting the constitution to a convenient purpose, may be mercilessly employed against the interests of the weak minority of the slave States.

Our readers may, perhaps, like to see something of the course of argument pursued by this southern questioner of the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law, writing for a Unionist print. After quoting the well-known enumeration of the powers delegated to Congress in the first article of the constitution of the United States, such as the power to levy and collect taxes, to regulate commerce, to coin money, establish post-offices, declare war, &c.—an enumeration which it is not necessary to transcribe here—he proceeds thus:

"This, then, is the specification of the legislative powers conferred upon Congress by the constitution. Is there anything that touches in the slightest degree, in this enumeration, the subject of the rendition of fugitives from *service* or *from justice*? It is apparent there is not; and hence any authority in Congress in regard to this matter must be sought for in some other part of the constitution. Now, besides this *general* delegation of legislative authority to Congress, there is to be found in the constitution *some special powers* conferred, and we are forced to look into and examine these, and see if the supposed authority of Congress to legislate in this matter may not be found. It is, of course, clear that if not found in one or the other source of authority conferred by the constitution, it must be considered 'the baseless fabric of a vision, whether it leaves a *rack* behind or not.' We have looked, and in Article IV. of the constitution we find:

"'Sec. 1. Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other State, and the Congress may, by general laws, prescribe the manner in which such acts, records and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof.

"'Sec. 2. The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States. A person, charged in any State with treason, felony or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime. No person held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due.'

"Now, is it not apparent that we have got into a new field or sphere of the constitution; that, at all events, as far as regards the rendition of fugitives from justice or service, there is no authority conferred upon Congress in the matter—that in these respects we have plainly set forth the understanding and agreement of the parties to the compact, *the States, merely*, each undertaking *for itself* to perform a certain duty, without regard to the powers bestowed upon Congress or the general government?

"These matters, then, stand simply upon the clear ground of an *express stipulation* between *the States*, as contracting parties, and are out of, and independent of, the *federal* government created and established by the *constitution*.

"To make the matter more clear, we state, in the first place, that the stipulation in the constitution as to the rendition of fugitives from justice and service has its foundation in the law of nations; and, intimately connected as the colonies were, and equally affected in this respect by a common interest, such an agreement or understanding between them was the most natural, not to say necessary, thing in the world, and is to be looked for *anteriorly* to the union effected by our present federal compact.

"In the articles of confederation between the colonies, we find precisely the same stipulations, word for word, which were subsequently introduced into the constitution, with an addition in regard to one of them, which furnishes the strongest argument against the authority of Congress in this matter. The articles of confederation, it will be conceded, were agreed upon between States, as to each other, separate and independent. Now, as far as it effects this matter, what was their agreement? Simply this, and in these words:

"'Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other State.' 'The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.' 'A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime.' 'No person held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour is due.'

"These are the express provisions in the articles of confederation. It is clear that, in that agreement, they stand entirely and alone upon the principle of a compact between the contracting parties (the States). They neither invite or call for or admit the intervention of any common or extraneous authority to see or enforce their execution. Upon what principles of construction can these provisions, when introduced verbatim into the constitution, have or receive a different interpretation, or any further force or effect, than in their original position? They were mere matters of compact between the States, as such, imposing duties and obligations upon the States respectively as to each other, and each for itself, and do not call for or contemplate any other action than that of the States acting in good faith and independently *as such*. It is no doubt clear that, in incorporating this previous agreement of the States in the constitution, if it had been thought best, authority might have been conferred on Congress to legislate upon and enforce the performance of the duties agreed upon. But it is equally clear that no such power can be found delegated to that body in any part of the constitution. It is plain that the *clause* enumerating the general powers of legislation no where touches this matter, and it cannot be found in any other *special* delegation of authority."—[*Evening Post*.

DEGENERACIES OF THE CHURCH.

I deem the following remarks, Messrs. Editors, worthy of earnest attention from the Church as a body, but, especially from her ministers. They touch some very sore spots, and may seem too severe; but coming from one of the most conscientious and pure minded laymen I have ever known, a man eminently distinguished by his talents, his candour and Christian worth, I think them entitled to the most serious consideration of all who have at heart the vital interests of Christianity.

The letter from which the following extracts are given was intended solely for my own eye. In a brief business note, I had incidentally yet earnestly requested my friend, as being peculiarly qualified for such a service, to enlighten the Christian community on their *deficiencies in their applications of Christianity to the various* SOCIAL RELATIONS OF MANKIND, to which request the following is a part of his reply, addressed, I may add, to a *clergyman* who has seldom if ever gone to any extreme in reform, but has had his full share in the labour and odium of opposing radacalisms. MELANCTHON.

You and I think much alike about the delinquencies of the Church. After your earnest exhortation to me to write on the subject, you will smile when I tell you that last summer I wrote a tract under the title of "The Perilous Position of the American Church," showing that the disregard evinced by the Church to the great practical precepts of Gospel morality, and its shameful subserviency to popular opinions and popular interests, were alienating the pious, confirming the doubts of the skeptical, and giving a mighty impulse to infidelity. After finishing my tract, instead of sending it to the press, I threw it aside, saying to myself, "*Cui bono*? I shall bring odium on myself, and do no good."

It appears to me that, considering our privileges, opportunities and advantages, we are an exceedingly wicked people, and that our great material prosperity is only hastening our downward course, and ripening us for punishment. The corruption of the Church is the most fearful sign of the times, for it is leavening and poisoning the whole lump. I know, and thank God, that we have in the Church angels in human form; but I also know to my grief that we have many men in the ministry who are false teachers, and with whom the salvation of souls is to all appearance a very subordinate object of pursuit. Many of the clergy have acted as the tools of politicians. The Church in this country, taken as a whole, is the mighty buttress of War and Slavery; and if it is not also of the rum traffic, it is because the latter is ceasing to be popular and genteel. I remember when a bishop of my own church proclaimed to the public, under his own signature, that the triumph of temperance societies would be the triumph of infidelity! He would not say so *now*; but Slavery is still popular, and he is now its avowed champion.

The clergy, as the apostles before them, are men of like passions with others. Many of them take orders for a living, and quit preaching when they can follow a more lucrative trade. As a general rule they are dependent for the comforts of life on their rich parishioners, and of course are unwilling to offend them. It is understood that a minister is at full liberty to preach morality in *the abstract*, but it is none of his business to *apply* Gospel principles to the ordinary affairs of life, when such application would interfere with the political or pecuniary interests of his hearers, or with their prejudices or pleasures. He may enforce the general duty of justice, but not in relation to the treatment of *coloured* men. He may tell us that God is love, and that we ought to love all men; but he may not denounce the war spirit as contrary to the laws of love, nor may he condemn a profession which consists in human slaughter. Thus men listen to *abstract* truths with complacency, the preacher is praised for his eloquence and orthodoxy, and great sins find a most comfortable lodging place in the very temple of God.

In the meanwhile a process is going on to which the clergy and their rich patrons give little heed. The Bible is now so diffused that its principles are well known. Multitudes who are not themselves governed by these principles are nevertheless perfectly competent, and as ready as competent, to note the violation of these principles in the practice of professing Christians. When such men observe the clergy preaching to please their rich patrons, see them supporting War and Slavery, and hear them sneering at the *higher law*, and denouncing as traitors and fanatics men who fear God rather than man, they are fain to look on such preachers of righteousness as little better than hypocrites. But the mischief does not stop here. It is seen that these secularized worldly clergy retain their standing in the Church. Hence Christians as a body are held responsible for the weakness, if not wickedness, of their pastors. Now comes the conviction that Christianity is a fraud, and that they who profess it are no better than other men, and that in fact the Church is a source of evil to mankind. While this process is generating infidelity and the vices which accompany it, pious, warm-hearted, benevolent men, feeling that the Church is a drag on the reforms connected with human happiness and virtue, little by little lose there reverence for it, discontinue their contributions for its support, and gradually desert its ordinances. Thus, by depriving themselves of the means of grace, they expose themselves to the temptations of the great enemy of souls, and insensibly fall into unbelief.

There is now a good deal of infidelity among Abolitionists. I have watched its progress with painful anxiety, and know whereof I affirm, that it had its origin in the Church. There is reason to fear that at the judgment day many a clerical skirt will be found red with the blood of souls. It would take a volume to prove and illustrate all my positions by FACTS; and facts I have in melancholy abundance, but a letter is not the place for them.

I know of no means of withdrawing the Church from its present corruption. Its cause is found in the weakness and depravity of our common nature, and in the great law of demand and supply. The chief men in a parish happen to be distillers and liquor merchants. The salary of the minister cannot be paid without their aid. If he preaches Temperance and the iniquity of the traffic, he must go, or stay and starve. He reasons with himself that he may do good by preaching on other topics, and is therefore silent on the offensive ones. So the Webster gentleman of Boston would not tolerate a minister who should teach that slave-catching was an ungodly vocation. Patriotic gentlemen, anxious for popularity and office, would find it inexpedient to countenance a pastor who should insist that the maintenance of national honour and the acquisition of territory are not justifiable motives for massacreing our fellow men. Two clergymen have written to me that they were driven from their parishes, one for preaching against Slavery, and the other for refusing to give a pledge that he would not preach against it.

I can feel for and pity such of the clergy who cannot do their duty without incurring a species of martyrdom; but, alas! there are very many who *volunteer* to pander to the prejudices of the community and the interests of their patrons.

In my opinion, any reform in the Church must be effected by the laity. For a long course of years I have observed that in almost every new measure for the moral improvment of society, the clergy, instead of leading the laity, have been pushed forward by them. The dissenting clergy in Great Britain seem to me far more fearless than their American brethren. See the glorious speech of Rev. Dr. McMichael against the military profession, at the late Edinburgh Peace Conference. Some time since, on one Sabbath one hundred sermons were preached in England against war. The American Church inculcates great abstract truths, but in general they are *applied* only by pious laymen.

Now, what shall we say to all this? Shall we brand it as the outpouring of a heart hostile to Christianity and her institutions? There is not in all the land a better friend to the Church and her ministry than this very writer. These are not the invectives of an enemy, but the complaints of an honest, deeply-grieved friend. Nor is he alone in these views. They are coming to be shared by large and still larger circles of Christians not liable at all to the charge of fanaticism, or any radicalism whatever. The leaven of distrust, if not positive disgust, is spreading silently, yet with the certainty of a fatal success in ultimately breaking the hold of the Church and her ministry on the community at large. I say this far "more in sorrow than in anger;" but it is in vain, and still more foolish than vain, to shut our eyes to the prospect before us.
—*Independent*.] MELANCTHON.

MORALS OF THE PLANTATION.

I inquired about the increase of the negroes on the estate, and the manager having told me the number of deaths and births the previous year, I asked if the negroes began to have children at a very early age. "Sometimes at sixteen," said the manager. "Yes, and at fourteen," said the overseer; "that girl had a child"—pointing to a girl that did not appear older than fourteen. "Is she married?" "No. You see," said the manager, "negro girls are not remarkable for chastity; and it rather hinders them from having children. They'd have them younger than they do, if they would marry and live with but one man sooner than they do. They often do not have children till they are twenty-five years old." Are those that are married true to each other? I asked. The overseer laughed heartily at the idea, and described the state of things. "Do you not try to discourage this?" "No, not unless they quarrel. They get quarrelling among themselves sometimes about it," the manager explained, "or come to the overseer and complain, and he has them punished." "Give all hands a d——d good hiding," said the overseer. "You punish for adultery, then, but not for fornication?" "Yes," answered the manager. "No," replied the overseer, "I punish them for quarreling; if they don't quarrel, I don't mind anything about it. But if they make a muss about it, I give all four of 'em a warming."

Riding through a gang afterwards, with two of the overseers in company, I observed that a large proportion of those before us were thorough-bred Africans. Both of them thought that the proportion of pure-blooded negroes was about three to four of the whole number, and that this would hold as an average in Mississippi and Louisiana. One of them pointed out a girl—"That one is pure white; you see her hair?" (it was straight and sandy). "She is the only one we have got."

It was not uncommon to see slaves as white as that; so white that they could not be distinguished from pure-blooded whites. He had never been on a plantation before that had not more than one on it. "Now," said I, "If that girl should dress herself well, and run away, would she be suspected of being a slave?" "Oh, yes; you might not know her if she got to the North, but any of us would know her." "How?" "By her language and manners." "But if she had been brought up as house-servant?" "Perhaps not in that case." I asked if they thought the mulattoes or white slaves were weaker or less valuable than the pure negroes. "Oh, no; I'd rather have them a great deal," said one. "Well, I had not," said the other; "the blacker the better for me." "The white ones," added the first, "are more active, know more, and I think do a good deal the most work." "Are they more subject to illness, or do they appear to be of weaker constitution?" One said they were not, the other that they did not seem to bear the heat so well.

The first thought that this might be so, but that, nevertheless, they would do more work. I asked the manager's opinion. He thought they did not stand the excessive heat as well as the pure negroes, but that, from their greater activity and willingness, they would do more work. He was confident they were equally strong, and so more liable to illness; had never had reason to think them of weaker constitution. They often had large families, and he had *not* noticed that their children were weaker or more subject to disease than others. He thought that perhaps they did not have so many children as the pure negroes, but the reason evidently was that they did not begin bearing so young as the others, and this was because they were more attractive to the men, and perhaps more amorous themselves. He knew a great many mulattoes married together, and they generally had large and healthy families.

Afterwards, at one of the plantation nurseries, where there were some twenty or thirty infant and young children, a number of which were mulattoes, I asked the nurse to point out the healthiest children to me, and she indicated more of the pure than of the mixed breed. I then asked her to show me which were the sickliest, and she did not point to any of these. I then asked her if she had noticed any difference in this respect between the black and the yellow children. "Well, dey do *say*, master, dat de yellow ones is de sickliest, but I can't tell for true dat I ever see as dey were." I shall endeavour to investigate this subject further before giving the result of my own observations upon it.

In the evening I met the proprietor, and, being seated with him and the manager, I asked about the religious condition of the slaves. There were "preachers" on the plantations, and they had some religious observances on a Sunday; but the preachers and the religious negroes were the worst characters among them, and, they thought, only made their religion a cloak to hide their great immorality of life. They were, at all events, the most deceitful and dishonest slaves on the plantation, and oftenest required punishment. They had some negroes who called themselves Roman Catholics, but were so only in name. They paid no respect to the ordinances of the Church. The negroes of all denominations would join together in exciting religious observances, and even those who ordinarily made no religious pretensions. These gentlemen considered the public religious exercises of the negroes to be exactly similar, in their intellectual and moral character, to the Indian feasts and war dances, and did otencourage them. Neither did they like to have a white man preach on the estate, because the negroes were good for nothing for a week afterwards. It excited them so much as to greatly interfere with the subordidation and order which was necessary to obtain the profitable use of their labour. They would be singing and dancing every night in their cabins, and so utterly unfit themselves for work.

I remarked that I had been told that a religious negro was considered to be worth a third more, because of his greater honesty and reliability. "Quite the contrary," they both assured me, for a religious negro generally made mischief and trouble, and they were glad to get rid of him. Though there were, to be sure, some negroes who were *truly* religious, and who were orderly, obedient and industrious. But these were seldom found among the field-hands. They were more common in the town negroes, or among house-servants; such as from their position had acquired better habits and more intelligence than were often found on the plantations.—*Times*.

LECTURE BY SOJOURNER TRUTH.

A respectable audience of coloured people assembled at their church, in Anthony-st., last evening to listen to an address from a woman of their race, named Sojourner Truth. Pendant from the pulpit cushion was a banner of white satin, on which was inscribed:

> Am I not a Woman and a Sister?
> [Kneeling figure of a woman with uplifted hands.]
> How long, O, Lord! how long.
> A million and a half of American Women in chains.
> Shall we heed their wrongs?
> Will not a righteous God be avenged upon
> such a nation as this?

At 8 o'clock, Sojourner arose and asked some person present who possessed the spirit of prayer to give utterance to it. An elderly coloured man responded to her invitation.

Mrs. Truth commenced her discourse by singing a hymn beginning with

> "I am pleading for my people,
> A poor, down-trodden race."

After the hymn was finished, she detailed much of her practical experience as a slave. Some twenty-five years have elapsed since she received her freedom, but the brutality of the Dutch family, whose slave she was, had not been effaced by time. In her heathen despair she used to pray to God that he would kill all the white people. She prayed to God, but she did not know what or who the Divine being was. In her mind he was like Napoleon or General Washington. When her soul was lighted by the influx of celestial love, her nature changed; where she had before showered curses she called down blessings. She went on to talk of the condition of the coloured people and their prospects. They were gradually being thurst out from every menial occupation by their white brethren; but she believed this was ominous of a better future. They were being prepared for some great change that would take place ere long. She was decidedly opposed to the colonization project; they must stay, and a short time would show that that was the best course.—When the coloured people were waiters, and did all the common and lower kinds of work, the streets were clean; the servants scraped the dirt from the corners, swept out the gutters and half-way across the streets. Now, white folk clean boots, wait at table, lie about lazy and beg cold victuals. The coloured people did that sometimes too—but not to keep boarders on it! [Laughter.] Well, in those times, twenty-five or thirty years ago, the streets were kept nice and clean without costing the people a penny. Now the white people have taken it in hand, the dirt lies in the streets till it gets too thick, and flies all about into the shops and people's eyes, and then they sift water all over it, and make it into mud, and that's what they do over and over again, without ever dreaming of such an easy thing as taking it away. In the course of time it becomes too thick, and too big a nuisance and then they go to work right straight off with picks and crow bars, and pull up the stones, above the dirt, and then go on again! [Laughter.] Not long ago nobody but coloured people were coachmen and barbers, but now they have white Pompeys, with the livery coats on, and poor black Pompey goes to the wall. My coloured brothers and sisters, there's a remedy for this; where I was lately lecturing out in Pennsylvania, the farmers wanted good men and women to work their farms on shares for them. Why can't you go out there?—and depend upon it, in the course of time you will get to be independent. She asked the audience to review the history of the past fifty years, and although the course was slow, the coloured race had vastly improved, and that menial position to which nature seemed to have consigned them was rapidly being changed for the better. How long ago was it that a coloured woman could address a white audience of a thousand people, and be listened to with respectful attention. These things were signs of the times. The papers rarely recorded crimes committed by her race, though they often teemed with those committed against them. She hoped her people would thus continue to put the white people to the blush. Mrs. Truth is something of a reformer in her way. She commented somewhat severely on the modern style of preaching the Gospel. The parsons went away into Egypt among the bones of dead Pharaohs and mummies, and talked about what happened thousands of years ago, but quite forgot that the living present around them teemed with the sternest realities. Many of the churches were big, lumbering things, covering up costly space and doing good to no one. While many of the citizens of this metropolis were living in low dens and sky-lighted garrets, these immense buildings, which would comfortably lodge them, were about one-third filled once in the week, and for the other six days allowed to lie unoccupied and a dead loss. And then the preachers, too, came in for a share of her satire. Big Greek-crammed, mouthing men, who, for many a long century, had been befogging the world, and getting its affairs into the most terrible snarl and confusion, and then when women came in to their assistance, cried "shame on women!" They liked the fat and easy work of preaching and entangling too well, not to feel alarmed when women attempt to set matters aright. She conceived that women were peculiarly adapted to fill the talking professions, and men should no longer unsex themselves by leaving the plow and the plane, for the pulpit and the platform. She hoped all of her sex would set to work and drag the world right side up, disentangle it from the snarl which men have willfully got it into, and set matters in general aright, and then keep them so. They could only do this by being united and resolutely putting their shoulders to the wheel.

After her address she did a considerable business in the way of selling the first part of her life, done up in some 120 pages, 12mo., to support the remainder.—*Tribune*.

GOV. COBB AND THE LEMMON CASE.

Gov. Cobb, of Georgia, closes his Message to the Legislature by recapitulating the almost forgotten Lemmon Case, and predicting new dangers to the Union in consequence of it. He says:

"If such is the law, it is the first time that it has been solemnly thus pronounced in the case made before any tribunal within my knowledge. If it be true that the citizens of the slaveholding States who, by force of circumstances or for convenience, seek a passage through the territory of non-slaveholding States with their slaves, are thereby deprived of their property in them, and the slaves *ipso facto* become emancipated, it is time that we know the law as it is. No court in America has ever announced this to be law. It would be exceedingly strange if it should be. By the comity of nations the personal *status* of every man is determined by the law of his domicil, and whether he be bond or free, capable or incapable *there*, he remains so *everywhere* until a new domicile is acquired. This is but the courtesy of nation to nation, founded not upon the statute, but is absolutely necessary for the peace and harmony of States, and for the enforcement of private justice. A denial of this comity is unheard of among nations; and if deliberately and wantonly persisted in, would be just cause of war. Can it be possible that the courtesy yielded by independent nations to each other can be rightfully denied by one of these States to the other? Is the bond of union an authority or reason for a course of conduct so unjustifiable without that bond? Did the framers of the Constitution, so wise and so provident as to all other possible causes of disturbance between the States, permit so pregnant a source of discord to pass unheeded and unprovided for? In yielding our right to make treaties and to declare war, have we left ourselves remediless in cases of palpable violations of the law and comity of nations? The adjudication of these questions, by the tribunal organized under the Constitution, cannot be reviewed with indifference by us. Every slaveholding State should be heard before that tribunal."

From which it will be perceived that a man may be Governor of Georgia and yet be no lawyer.

In the first place, his Excellency the Governor of the State of Georgia, and the Honourable the Legislature thereof, have about as much to do with this suit as they would have with a quarrel between the Imaum of Muscat and the Emperor of Senegambia. Neither of the parties to the suit are citizens of Georgia; the slaves were not owned in Georgia: the Court did not sit in Georgia: the appeal will not be heard in Georgia: and the decision will not take effect in Georgia. It is a case between Jonathan Lemmon, a citizen of Virginia, and the Statutes of the State of New York.

In the second place, if the State, or any citizens of it, *were* involved in the case, the decision on its merits belongs not to Gov. Cobb, but to the Supreme Court of the United States. Georgia is a "sovereign State," but her sovereignty does not extend to the Hudson, or even to the Potomac. The Constitution of the United States provides by whom and how such controversies shall be decided; and if the authorities of Georgia assume to lay down the law, they usurp the functions of the Federal Courts, and trespass on the State Rights of both New York and Virginia. Or, to use their own cant, they "aim a blow at the Constitution, and endanger the integrity of our glorious Union." The Governor may write messages to the Legislature, and the Legislature may pass resolutiens back to the Governor, but neither of these are the Law of the Union. If they carried any weight with them as they would be seditious, but, they do not, they are simply ridiculous.

There is no use in dragging up the already laid ghost of the Dissolved Union to frighten the Georgian voters with. The season of darkness has gone by, and spectres are not effective by daylight. Nor need there be any apprehensions of even the lesser danger that the rights of citizens and "property" will be disregarded by the Courts. The slaves of Mr. Lemmon are duly freed with his own consent and paid for, and he rejoices in the possession of a liberal purse of $5,000, which is considerably more than their market value. *He* would be as sorry to have the decision reversed as Gov. Cobb would be to have it affirmed. It is not likely that either will happen, and "property" in Georgia therefore will be safe.

If the Supreme Court should affirm it, these slaves would retain their liberty, but no others would be set free anywhere by the decision. Mr. Lemmon would be no poorer, and "property" in Georgia still would be safe. And if, in the face of this decision, some Georgian Slaveholder should bring his Slaves to New York, there would be no emancipation except by due process of law. There would have to be a legal arrest, a deliberate decision, and an another opportunity for appeal to a higher Court. And while all this was going on, "property" in Georgia still would be safe.

And even if the result should be a decision that New York has a right to pronounce all men within her borders free, if she will, it would but confirm that State sovereignty by which Georgia claims to hold them in servitude. Nay, if it were decided that Georgia may dictate whether there shall be servitude in New York, the decision would give the North the same right to dictate whether there should be servitude at all in the South. Deny the right of New York to institute Liberty, and you certainly deny the right of Georgia to institute Slavery. If the Governor succeed in setting aside the Lemmon Case, he would find that he had destroyed the only legal pretext that Slavery has for existence.—*Albany Even. Jour.*

The New York *Times*, of yesterday, undertakes to prove that the settlement of the Western country is mainly or entirely due to Southerners, and that the New Englanders only turned toward the setting sun when the comforts of civilization and the profits of speculation began to show themselves. "We are debtors," says the *Times*, "to our Southern brethren beyond all the computations of Arithmetic. They are the men to settle new regions. The glory of such pioneers as Boone, Kenton, Ridley, belongs to the descendants of the Cavaliers, and Scotch and Irish. But for their heroic enterprise, the West would have longer continued inaccessible to the Anglo-Saxon race. In the hands of those men and their compeers the axe and the rifle did wonders, and civilization laid broad foundations beside noble rivers. The shrewd Yankee figuring at his notions and figuring on his slate, soon followed at their heels, and log cabins were beseiged for barter." Really, the *Times* has taken a great deal of pains through a column and a-half to prove—nothing. That a few stray hunters should get into Kentucky from the adjoining States, before they came from New England, at a time when roads were bad, and intercourse little, is clear enough. In the same way the New Englanders penetrated the forests of Maine and those of New York. But to assume that in the long run the hardy children of Vermont, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and the other States of New England, have not had as much to do with the settlement of the Western country, as a whole, as the people of the South, is incorrect. The great impetus to Western settlements came from Ohio, whose fortunes were due to New England and Pennsylvania chiefly; and it was only until New England genius, or that of the Middle States, gave the West steamboats, and the South cotton-gins, and all the country labour-saving machinery, that the civilization of the West and South-west was assured. The people who landed at Plymouth Rock and toiled for twelve or fifteen hours a day in agriculture and the fisheries, besides fighting the Indians, are the best sort of men to "settle regions," and the most flourishing portion of the Mississippi Valley will attest the truth of this position.—*Tribune*.

ATCHISON AND SLAVERY.

A late stump speech of Senator Atchison in Missouri, which we find reported in the Glasgow *Times*, affords fresh evidence of the activity of the Slavery men in opposition to the organization of Nebraska, while it offers a remarkable example of vacillating judgment and swerving purposes on the part of that very shallow gentleman. Mr. Atchison made a speech on the last day of the last Session of Congress, on the subject of the organization of a Territorial Government for Nebraska. We laid a portion of that speech before our readers the other day, containing an admission that its author went to Washington a year ago opposed to Nebraska, for the reason that slaves were excluded from the territory by the Missouri Compromise. It also contained an avowal that he had changed his ground during the session, and had determined to vote for the organization of the territory, seeing that he could not discover any way to get around the provisions of the Compromise, and he had no hope of their repeal. On that occasion Mr. Atchison had to try twice before he could make up his mind fully to avow his real reasons why he was against Nebraska at first, and why he had concluded to vote for the organization of the territory at last. But he finally got the reason out, and this admission disclosed the secret of the hostility manifested in the Senate on that question. By the speech before us it appears that Mr. Atchison has turned another somerset and gone back to his original position. He now distinctly opposes the territorial organization of Nebraska and avows that he shall go against it, notwithstanding his last speech in Congress was made in its favour.

The subject of Slavery in all its aspects is a constant source of misery to its friends. It is a ghost that forever haunts their sleeping and their waking dreams. It is a phantom that constantly preoccupies their thoughts and their imagination. It is the skeleton in the house; only that they will never be quiet upon it, but incessantly dwell upon its horrors. The slaveholder, or the supporter of Slavery in this our day, is emphatically, over and above every other man, the creature of but one idea. Slavery is his meat and his drink. It is the atmosphere in which he breathes. It is his companion by night and by day. It is the fountain of all his own thoughts, and it is the weight and measure by which he estimates the thoughts of every other man. Nothing comes to him on its own merits and unencumbered, either from the realms of mind or matter. Every truth of religion, every dictate of charity, every sentiment of philanthropy, every glowing hope and every generous feeling, every fact of science and every deduction of logic, before being accepted or countenanced by him, has to be examined in its influence upon Slavery. And, accordingly as its bearing is for or against, so is decided the question of its reception into the mind. And especially so is decided the question whether it shall be allowed to direct or influence the conduct of the individual. The support and defence of Chattel Slavery necessitates the most abject mental servitude, and creates a Slavery of the soul, which, to every truly independent mind, is a thousand times more galling than the worst physical bondage. We daily feel a melancholy sorrow at the straits into which we see the supporters, apologists and defenders of Slavery driven. The natural instincts of justice and right often prompt them to do some good act. They no sooner begin than they are arrested in it by the fell genius that dogs their footsteps and whose suggestion is their law. The beauty of truth often seduces them into a ready assent, which is scarce half pronounced ere the expression is checked, qualified, or withheld entirely. For such mental bondage, such slavery to Slavery, such perversion of the powers which alone elevate man in the scale of being, such stultification of the intellect, and such self-inflicted dungeon incarceration of the soul, who can help feeling pity and commisseration?

Thus we even pity Mr. Atchison, though we confess that we do not think that either his moral or mental organization is of such a texture that it will suffer much from the consciousness of his dodging tergiversations. But it is pitiable to see any man who has been elevated to the position of United States Senator, thus running from one side to another of a question, beating about and dodging from hedge to hedge like a stoned squirrel, on a measure of legislation which he should approach like a man, consider like a man, and decide like a man. That he does not do it in this case, but falters, and hesitates, deciding first one way and then another, fooling away what little capital of respectable mediocrity he had to begin with, is because he is one of the poor sticks under that degrading subjection to Slavery of which we have spoken. He is consistent in nothing but in his fealty to the peculiar institution. To this degenerate and inglorious condition how many of the public men of our day are meanly aiming, believing it to be the only goal of political success and distinction.—*Tribune*.

Slavery and Slave Law.—Slavery is said to exist in Kentucky in its mildest form. The mild and patriarchal character of the slave laws is well exhibited in the following transaction which occurred, it is said, a few days since, in Covington, opposite this city.

A slaveholder in Virginia some time since permitted one of his slaves to hire himself out in Covington, on condition that he should pay his master $100 per year for his services. This was faithfully performed. The slave married in Covington a free woman, by whom he had several children. At length the master came to Cincinnati, and sent for the slave to come to him. Of course the moment he set foot on Ohio soil, by the consent of his master, he was free by Ohio law. He came, and his master contracted with him (he then of course a freeman of Ohio) to purchase his freedom for, we are informed, $400. The man consented and paid his master on the spot $134, and subsequently made a payment of $50 more. The man returned to Covington to his family, not to his former owner. A few days since the master, repenting of his bargain, came and seized him to take him back to Virginia as a slave. He was resisted, and the case brought before a Kentucky Court. The decision was that the man was a slave, though free by Ohio law and really a citizen of Ohio, and entitled to her protection; that the contract made with his master was null, because a slave is incapable of making a contract—that he could not recover what he had paid towards his freedom, because all a slave earns belongs to his master—and so, by this mild, patriarchal institution, this poor man was robbed of his freedom, his money, his family, and himself. Such is Slavery—such is slave law. Less than this it cannot be—such things belong to its essence.

Dare Christians remain in any connection which shields, which does not condemn, such atrocious wickedness?

Yet Southern Christians declare that the subject shall not be agitated, and we fear Northern Christians are preparing themselves to obey.—*Christian Press*.

BILL THOMAS, OR THE MARSHAL AND HIS MEN.

A drama, in III. acts, is in preparation and will speedily be published and performed. Written by a member of the Philadelphia Bar.

The above production is strictly historical, and is intended as a companion for

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,"

which has recently met with such unbounded success in this city. The scenes are laid in the Valley of the Wyoming, and the City of Philadelphia, and the *Dramatis personæ* will embrace the chief actors in the recent thrilling events at Wilkesbarre. The drama will also contain an interesting and strictly technical exhibition of the proceedings in a Court of Justice, the Fugitive Slave Law, speeches of Counsel, &c.

> "What are fifty—what a thousand slaves,
> Matched with the sinews of a single arm
> That strikes for Liberty?"

OUTLINE OF THE PLAY.

Act 1. Scene 1.—Scene opens in Commissioner Ingraham's Office. Oath and Warrant, endorsed by Judge Grier.

Scene 2.—Hotel on the banks of the Susquehanna, where Bill Thomas is employed as a waiter. Arrival of officers; secret arrangements for arrest of Bill; struggle with Bill.

Scene 3.—Shores of Susquehanna, with a view of the bridge.

Scene 4.—Escape of Bill, wounded and covered with blood.

Act 2.—Information before a

"TWOPENNY MAGISTRATE;"

evidence offered by an

"INTERLOPING FELLOW;"

warrant granted on application of

"UNAUTHORIZED COUNSEL."

Act 3. Scene 1.—Arrest of officers; petition and habeas corpus granted.

Scene 2.—Hearing upon habeas corpus and postponement for testimony on part of Commonwealth.

Scene 3.—Final hearing; rejection of testimony; denial of Counsel's authority to issue the warrant; all evidence rejected for the Commonwealth; evidence received from Wynkoop, one of the defendants, and from Commissioner Ingraham; depositions received as taken from District Attorney; case dismissed and prosecution brought against the Editor who published the depositions which had been furnished to the Judge.—*Phil. Register*.

WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

Now, Brethren, it is not the hearer, but the doer, of the word that is justified.

And I entreat you, brethren, to consider how responsible we are for the failure of the Gospel in this city. How can the gospel succeed if those who call themselves Christians do not in their own lives reflect the life of Christ? And what will be your action if you imitate Christ? I know very many seem to think that religion consists in going to meeting regularly. But what is the use of going to meeting if this does not benefit your character and dispositions in other respects?

Your merchant goes to meeting, engages devoutly in your religious exercises. But what think you this will benefit him in the last day, if he has encouraged his clerks to take advantage of his customers in prices, or to pass them counterfeit money, or if he has oppressed them with low wages and much labour?

Your householder is a regular member in good standing in the church, but what will this avail when the hired man or girl shall tell their story in the last day, how they have been wronged, and their wages were not punctually paid them?

Your vintager is a member of the church, but what good will this do him when the obstacles he throws in the way of temperance reform shall be brought against him by the ghosts of those whose inebriation has sent them to a premature grave?

Our editors are respectable citizens, some members of the church, but will this get them to heaven when they make their columns the arena for politi-

cal demagogues to cheat the people into the election of officers of unprincipled character and shameless incompetency?

Your lawyers, your judges, your legislators, your ministerial officers, many of them attendants of religious meetings; and some of them members of churches; but when the soul crushed slave holds up his mangled hands and prays "O, Jesus, receive my spirit," think you, these officers who have contributed to his woes on earth will find their church connection any benefit to them?

I tell you, my brethren, it is a small matter in this day to be a member of a church, and claim to be a Christian; but it is a great matter to be a Christian in reality.

If you wish to know what it is to be a Christian, take Jesus's sermon on the Mount, that tells it. And if you do not build yourself upon the principles there laid down, depend upon it you will never stand the test of the winds and the floods.

My friends, we waste our precious time in the discussion of doctrines which the imperfect minds of men can never so elucidate as to bring about a uniformity of belief, whilst we are negligent of those interests which, of all others, are most important to the improvement of mankind. In doing this we fancy to ourselves that we are labouring to promote the kingdom of Christ. Vain delusion! Jesus Christ himself did not set us any such example. What did he preach about? Are there any abstruse or metaphysical doctrines in that sermon on the Mount? Did he not, in all his discourses, address himself to meet the existing need? And what did he say was the object of his mission in the world of sin and sorrow? Did he not come to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord? And did not his life bear testimony to the devotion with which he prosecuted that object? But we lose sight of all this, and, in our anxiety to build up our sects and parties, we strike hands in fellowship with those who *make* the broken hearts, who hold the captives, who perpetuate ignorance and blindness who inflict the bruises, and lynch those who would preach the acceptable year of the Lord. Can we, O can we expect the blessing of God? No, my hearers, no. God will not bless us in our souls, however we may seem to prosper in a worldly point of view. We must be witnesses for the truth, or the truth is not in us. And whatsoever is bound on earth, remember, shall be bound in heaven. And if we bind fetters upon body or soul while on this earth, we need not expect any spiritual freedom for ourselves here or hereafter.

W. H. Brisbane.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Addressed to "The Anti-Slavery Watchman,"

BY G. ADAMS.

What of the night, Watchman, what of the night—
The black night of Slavery? Wanes it apace?
Do you see in the East the faint dawnings of light,
Which tell that the darkness to day will give place?
Do you hear the trees rustle, awoke by the breeze?
Do you catch the faint prelude of music to come?
Are there voices that swell like the murmur of seas,
When the gale of the morning first scatters the foam?

And what of the fight, Watchman, what of the fight—
The battle for Freedom—how goeth it on?
Is there hope for the Truth—is there hope for the Right?
Have Wrong and Oppression the victory won?
Through the long hours of darkness we 've listened in fear
To the sounds of the struggle, the groans and the cries,
Anon they were far, and anon they were near,
Now dying away, and now filling the skies.

Say, what of the night, Watchman, what of the *fight*?
Doth gloom yet the bright Sun of Freedom enshroud?
Are the strongholds of Slavery yet on the height?
Is the back of the Negro yet broken and bowed?
Then send forth a voice to the nations around;
Bid the peoples arise, many millions as one,
And say—"This our brother no more shall be bound—
This wrong to God's children no more shall be done!"

WATCHMAN.

The night is far spent and the day is at hand;
There 's a flush in the East, though the West is yet dark;
Creation hath heard the Eternal command,
And light—glorious light—cometh on: Brothers, hark!
There 's a jubilant sound, there 's a myriad hum!
All nature is waking, and praising the Lord,
And the voices of men to the list'ning ear come,
Crying—Up, Watchman! send the glad tidings abroad!"

In the dark Western vallies yet rageth the war,
And the heel of Oppression treads down the poor Slave;
But his eye sees the dawning of daylight afar,
And he knows there are hands stretched to succour and save:
The Standard of Freedom, all bloody and torn,
And trampled, and hidden awhile from the view,
Upraised by the hand of a Woman, is borne
In the thick of the fight, and hope liveth anew.

Oh, joy to the Watchman! whose eye can discern,
Through clouds and thick darkness, the breaking of day!
And, joy to the Negro! whose glances may turn
To the quarter whence cometh the life-giving ray.
It cometh—that Freedom for which we have striven!
We have seen the light gilding the hill-tops, and heard
The promise of One by whom fetters are riven;
'Tis as sure as His high and immutable Word!

Rochester, 1853. —*Anti-Slavery Watchman.*

Coloured People of Amherstburgh, C. W.—I will now say a few words about the coloured population, which may interest your readers. They are mostly in a thriving condition. One of the very best builders we have in St. Catharines is a coloured man, who came from Mobile to Canada, about the time the infamous Fugitive Slave act was passed. He had superintended the building of a State House for the State of Alabama. We have here a coloured man from Long Island, who is a cunning workman in wood and iron, and probably the best machinest in the place. We have also an accomplished jeweler, who was formerly a slave in Virginia. There is no man in this part of Canada who can do better work in his line than he; yet he took up the business of his own accord, and has made himself accomplished by dint of ingenuity and energy of his own mind, and without teachers. We have here a reputable share of good mechanics, traders, farmers, gardeners, &c. A coloured citizen took the premium for the best span of horses at the recent county fair.

The cause of religion is prospering in their midst. Education is also receiving a good deal of attention. We have a government school which is well kept and is doing much good. Our Sabbath School is large and certainly one of the most interesting and promising in this section of Canada. Strangers are frequently coming over, who require prompt and generous aid, which they receive from our hands as almoner.

The smiles of Heaven are evidently upon our work of charity and philanthropy. We have reason to believe that God is well pleased with the spirit of enlarged and diffusive benevolence, which seeks to bless and to benefit the afflicted and the forlorn, who have been "probed and scattered" by the ruthless hand of the oppressor and driven desolate to these northern shores!—*Hiram Wilson, in Voice of the Fugitive.*

THE CAUSE IN ENGLAND.

F. W. Chesson, editor of the *Anti-Slavery Watchman*, in a letter to the *Wesleyan*, says:

This Magazine (the *Watchman*) is intended especially for circulation in the manufacturing districts, and will therefore have a good deal to say on the subject of cotton in India. The development of the resources of that mighty empire will, I firmly believe, be one of the chief instrumentalities in the overthrow of American Slavery. There has been a great deal of faith in the formation of railways as a means of cheapening the transit of cotton to the seacoast, and thus of enabling it to compete successfully with slave labour cotton in the European markets; but the opening up of the great rivers, such as the Kistna, and the Godavery, is now regarded as a still better plan for effecting this desirable result.

On this important question, in course of time, there will appear articles from the pen of a liberal member of Parliament, who has thoroughly studied the question.

The *Morning Advertiser* heartily welcomes us, and expresses the belief that the two journals (the *Advocate* and the *Watchman*) "will work cordially together." I need scarcely say that the leading friends, as well as the proprietors of the *Advocate*, have already given to the new Magazine not only their sympathies, but their active support.

George Thompson is the most eloquent and popular advocate of negro emancipation in the United Kingdom. He understands the subject in all its phases. He comprehends the intricacies of the cotton question in India just as thoroughly as he does the mysteries of "the underground railroad." In fact, he knows the past and present of American Slavery just as well as Macaulay does the history of England, or Murray did the principles of English Grammar. I am delighted, therefore, to be able to say that he contemplates making a campaign on behalf of the Anti-Slavery cause, through the manufacturing districts, where, from his labours in the overthrow of the foul tax upon the bread of the people, and in the cause of civil and religious liberty generally, he is universally popular: and where, too, just such an advocate of the slave as he is, is wanted, for here Anti-Slavery principles are but little known and less cared for.

I believe that the cotton spinners of Lancashire and Yorkshire have the power to abolish Slavery, and my beloved friend is of all men the most able to excite their interest in this great work, and to arouse their dormant consciences. But more about this another time. The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, through their Secretary, Mr. Chamerovzon, have announced at Manchester their intention to prosecute a vigorous practical agitation. The cultivation of cotton in India, and the Church question, will be the leading points of their policy. I trust they will go ahead. Mr. Hemming I believe, will go forth under their auspices.

F. W. Chesson.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1853.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES,
AT THE
BROADWAY TABERNACLE,
New York, 1853–'54.

The New York Anti-Slavery Society (auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society), believing the present time to be eminently favourable for a full and free discussion, in this city, of the great question of

AMERICAN SLAVERY,

has made arrangements for a Course of Anti-Slavery Lectures, to be delivered on each successive TUESDAY EVENING, beginning December 13th, and closing March 7th, in the BROADWAY TABERNACLE.

In order that the subject may be presented in all its aspects, political, moral, social and religious, and with fairness towards all earnest-minded friends of the cause, the Society has engaged the services of the eminent champions of Freedom whose names, together with the times when they are severally expected to appear, are given below:

1. Hon. John P. Hale,	Tuesday	evening,	Dec.	13.
2. Hon. John G. Palfrey,	"	"	"	20.
3. Hon. Joshua R. Giddings,	"	"	"	27.
4. Mr. C. Lenox Remond,	"	"	Jan.	3.
5. John Jay, Esq.,	"	"	"	10.
6. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher,	"	"	"	17.
7. Miss Lucy Stone,	"	"	"	24.
8. Hon. Horace Greeley,	"	"	"	31.
9. Rev. Wm. H. Furness,	"	"	Feb.	7.
10. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Esq.,	"	"	"	14.
11. Rev. Theodore Parker,	"	"	"	21.
12. Wendell Phillips, Esq.,	"	"	"	28.
13. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Esq.	"	"	Mar.	7.

Terms of Admission.

Gentleman's Season Ticket	$2 00
Lady's " "	1 00
One Admission for a Gentleman or Lady	25
One Admission for a Gentleman and Two Ladies	50

☞ Tickets at C. S. Francis & Co.'s, No. 212 Broadway, opposite the Park; at Roe Lockwood & Son's, No. 411 Broadway; at T. J. Crowen's, No. 599 Broadway, near Houston; at L. H. Embree's, No. 134 Bowery; at Fowlers & Wells's, No. 131 Nassau street; at the Anti-Slavery Office. No. 142 Nassau street, up stairs; and at the door of the Tabernacle on Tuesday evenings.

Lectures commence at 7½ o'clock—doors open at 6½ o'clock.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

Oliver Johnson, Chairman.

THE DECADE MEETING.

The celebration of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society was held on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday last, in Philadelphia, according to the Call issued by the Executive Committee. But the success of the Meeting was far beyond the warmest expectations of those who planned and promoted it. We had supposed that there would be a small, or, at least, not a large, meeting of the best known and most active of the members of the Society—that it would be rather a family gathering than a Mass Meeting. They who had entertained these modest hopes were most signally and happily disappointed in the result. It was a Meeting not merely well, but very numerously attended. The large and beautiful hall in Sansom Street was well filled at all the Sessions from the first, and generally crowded to its utmost available extent. And this notwithstanding an admission fee was required. This, however, was very willingly paid by all desirous of assisting at the proceedings, inasmuch as it secured a perfectly decorous and orderly assembly. For it is a melancholy fact that even the most enthusiastic patriots, those who are ready to save the Union at the shortest notice, for nothing, will not pay ten cents for the privilege. We are quite safe from a "Ten Cent Rebellion," of this nature.

If we remember aright, the experience of the First Decade Meeting, held at Philadelphia, ten years since, was very different from this. It was the object of insult and disturbance, and we rather think it was finally broken up by a mob. This year there was none to molest. Every word was heard, if not with assent, at least with silence and respect. And this, notwithstanding, as we are assured, the Meetings were by no means composed exclusively of avowed Abolitionists. Many persons of the mercantile and professional classes were in attendance, and were content to hear what these troublers of the nation's peace had to say for themselves. We have not often seen larger and never quieter and more attentive audiences than those gathered on this occasion. We could not but see in both these circumstances proofs that the labours of Twenty Years have not been in vain, and that the impression which it is the purpose of our Movement to make on the Public Mind has begun to be made. The body of the audience were evidently earnest persons, who were thoroughly interested in the best interests of the Cause, and committed to their promotion. Those who did not come within this category were as plainly interested inquirers, desirous of learning and testing our Doctrine and Method. It was a gratifying evidence that the sense of duty to the slave was never more alive than at the present time, and that if it be the fixed determination of the President and his Cabinet to "crush out" Abolitionism, at any rate there is more of it to be crushed out than at any former time. That Infant Hercules, Caleb Cushing, will find the serpents that haunt the cradle of our Liberties more and stouter than when he tried to coax and tame them, a dozen years since.

As the proceedings are to be forthwith printed and laid before the public, in a copious Report, we shall not anticipate it by any attempt to epitomize them. It is enough to say that the debates were as animated, and the speaking as excellent, as at any former Meeting we have attended. Among those who took part in the discussions were Mr. Garrison, Mrs. Mott, Messrs. Phillips, Furness, May, Barker, H. C. Wright, Sunter, of England, Henry Grew, McKim, Quincy, Burleigh, Stebbins, and many others, women as well as men. The Resolutions embodied and re-affirmed the well-known testimonies of the Society as to the United States Constitution, the State and the Church, Politics and Religion, as affecting the Anti-Slavery Movement. The true nature and limits of the Anti-Slavery platform, and the extent to which the private opinions of individual members should be expressed upon it, occupied a good deal of the time of the later sessions. But we are of opinion that that time was by no means misspent in ascertaining so important a point. Indeed, we believe that it will be found on reflection that the differences of opinion were rather those of statement than of substance. Nearly all seemed to settle down upon the basis, that though political or religious opinions may be intimated by a speaker in illustration or explanation of his argument or position, still any attempt to enforce them as doctrines upon an audience composed of persons of all opinions, assembled to consider the matter of Slavery only, would be a virtual violation of the good faith we pledged to each other when we established the American Society as an organisation for the co-operation of all human beings who hate Slavery, that their opinions on other subjects should be free from cavil or attack. It seems as if no other ground than this can be occupied by any one who feels it right to act with any association of a limited character, and for the promotion of a specific reform.

But the public meetings and the formal discussions were by no means the only way in which the interests of the Anti-Slavery Cause were advanced. The social interviews and private conversations which filled up the intervals of the public sessions were not the least of the means which helped to swell the usefulness of the occasion. Abolitionists who had never met before face to face, were rejoiced to look upon one another and to interchange their opinions and experiences. Much friendly intercourse was had and many friendships created or renewed. The hospitality of the Philadelphia Abolitionists was extended to the stranger guests with the most cordial and abundant kindness, and it will be long held by them in a pleasing and grateful remembrance. The quality of an Anti-Slavery Meeting should be twice blessed. It should not only be blessed to the good of the Slave, but to that of his friends, too. Its purpose is not satisfied by making a wholesome impression on the mind of the outer world; it should also exert a beneficent influence on that of the agitating body itself. This is almost always, perhaps with scarce an exception, the case of our Meetings in general. But it was so, in an eminent degree of the Meeting which has just closed. We are confident that none left Philadelphia, after it was over, without the feeling that it was good to have been there, and that, whether his attendance was to be of service to the Slave, it certainly had been of service to himself.

On Monday evening the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Fair was opened, in the Assembly Buildings, with the best prospects of success. The large and elegant hall was elegantly decorated, and the tables, as far as the crowd of visitors would admit of our inspecting them, covered with articles of utility and beauty, the contributions of the Anti-Slavery zeal of both sides of the Atlantic. The number of visitors was very great and caused an intense pressure during a part of the evening. But the perfect good feeling and desire of mutual accomodation made it but a trifling evil—if, indeed, it were not accepted as a fortunate prognostic of the triumphant success of the effort. Mr. Phillips addressed the Meeting in the course of the evening, in a brief but eloquent speech, and the first evening of the Fair closed in the most satisfactory manner. We have no doubt that its entire and gratifying success will round fortunately and prosperously this most auspicious Celebration.—E. Q.

SECOND DECADE
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twentieth Anniversary of the Formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society was celebrated by a general meeting, in the City of Philadelphia, of the members and friends of the Society—Philadelphia having been the birth-place of the Society, on the 4th December, 1833.

On Saturday, Dec. 3, 1853, the Society assembled in the Sansom Street Hall, and, at 10 o'clock, A. M., was called to order by the President of the Society, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

On motion, Voted, That James Miller McKim, Hannah M. Darlington and Margaret Jones be a Committee to nominate suitable officers of this meeting.

Said Committee reported the following list of officers, which, being read to the Society, was unanimously accepted, and the persons therein named were accordingly chosen:

President—William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston.

Vice-Presidents—James Mott, of Pa.; Thomas Garrett, of Del.; Francis Jackson, of Mass.; Peter Libbey, of Me.; John L. Clarke, of R. I.; Samuel J. May, of N. Y.; Robert Purvis, of Pa.; Edmund Quincy, of Mass.; Lucretia Mott, of Pa.; Bartholomew Fussell, of Pa.; Joseph Barker, of Ohio; Hannah Cox, of Pa.; William H. Furness and Henry Grew, of Philadelphia.

Secretaries—Samuel May, Jr., of Boston; Oliver Johnson, of New York; Cyrus M. Burleigh, of Philadelphia; Sarah Pugh, of Philadelphia; and G. B. Stebbins, of Rochester, N. Y.

Finance Committee—Benjamin C. Bacon, of Pa.; Abby Kimber, of Pa.; Benjamin Bowne, of Ohio; Alice Jackson, of Pa.

Business Committee—Wendell Phillips, Mary Grew, Chas. L. Remond,* Chas. C. Burleigh, Anne Warren Weston, Jas. Miller McKim, Edward M. Davis, Thomas Whitson, Joseph A. Dugdale, Henry C. Wright.

Opportunity for prayer being given, vocal prayer was offered, in a fervent spirit, by Henry Grew, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Garrison, on taking the chair, made an eloquent and earnest address to the Society. He said that, in holding this twentieth anniversary, he must congratulate all who participated in the formation of the Society, and also all those who had, since that time, united in the work of delivering the slave, upon the present meeting, and upon the unquestionable progress, and many signal triumphs, of the cause during the past twenty years. Our movement, he said, is no short-lived, superficial and temporary movement. It is great, deep, world-wide, affecting all the hopes and interests of humanity, and identical with the advancement of the race. Our instrumentalities are the same now as at the beginning—the faithful and uncompromising utterance of the truth—its application to all associations, and institutions, and men, without respect to persons. And our spirit, said he, has been, as we believe, the true spirit; and one most acceptable to God—the spirit of human brotherhood, of good will to all men—desiring the virtue and highest well-being of all, seeking the harm of none.

Since this Society was organized, probably not less than twelve hundred thousand new victims have been added to the number of slaves of this land. All this immense wrong, suffering, crime, have been added to that, against which, twenty years ago, we associated our strength, and pledged our unceasing labours.—This wrong is of a peculiar character—outstripping all other wrongs, and in itself the sum and complication of all conceivable wrongs. It is probable that not less than one hundred thousand new victims are now annually born into Slavery. This is the prostration and annihilation of everything which honours, exalts, and really constitutes humanity. It is an annual loss and outrage to humanity, equal to the blotting out of a population as large as that of Philadelphia, once in every four years. If this thing, which is continually, every day and every hour, done in this country, were done on the coast of Africa, for any reason, the doer thereof would be, by the laws of this land, subject to death. I do seriously believe, said Mr. G., that the general execution of the Law of Congress against the Slave Trade would hardly leave anybody alive South or North of Mason and Dixon's line. Not that I wish to see anybody hanged, said Mr. G., but desire that every one may repent of his wickedness, and be saved from all evil.

Twenty years ago, it was common throughout the land to hear much said of the evils of Slavery. Even at the South, many professed to deplore it, and in these ways an influence was exerted to quiet the consciences of the people, and to reconcile them to inaction respecting the growing wrong of Slavery. But now, all this is changed! All masks are off. Every house, as it were, and every soul has been visited and searched. No longer do we hear the hypocritical lament that Slavery is a great evil, from the lips of men who are doing everything in their power to uphold it. The disguise is stripped off. Slavery is now justified in State and Church, as a good thing—a right thing—an institution in accordance with the rights of man, and with the Bible as the revealed will of God. No God is to be allowed but one who justifies human Slavery, no Christ save one who is in unity with man-stealing, no Church but one which fellowships the Slaveholder, no Constitution but that which guarantees the perpetuation of Slavery, and no party to be tolerated, nationally, which does not recognise the Slave Power. This is indeed, in many respects, a sad picture. Yet is it even better to know our opponents, and to see them stripped of all disguise, than to submit to deception, and be led away from the post of duty. But if foes have been unmasked and developed, so, on the other hand, have friends been multiplied, and that greatly, on both sides the Atlantic. And such friends! how true, how staunch, how clear-sighted! Will they ever be discouraged? Never. Will they ever lay down their arms, and cease from work? Never. They will continue to labour in faith, and in patience, and with such love in their hearts as calls forth hope in the breast of the slave, and brings nearer the day of jubilee—God grant that it may be very near.

The first ten years of the Society's existence were marked by the efforts of mobs to destroy the Society, and crush the Anti-Slavery cause. The spirit of violence went forth through almost every city, town, and village, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, and determined to silence every Anti-Slavery voice, no matter by what means. But it was in vain. During the last ten years the tactics have been changed. We hear little or no objection made to our movement now, because of our doctrine of the duty of immediate emancipation, or because of the low and hypocritical cry against us of Amalgamation.

Now, the great outcry against us is that we are *infidels*—a cry chiefly raised by those who are in the closest alliance with slaveholders and slave-traders, and who have left nothing undone to bring the sanctions of God's word to justify and sustain Slavery. A hireling priesthood and a corrupt press have uttered this cry, and are now uttering it. But in vain—in vain. No weapon formed against our Cause, has ever prospered; none ever will. As Gerrit Smith said, No men on the earth are more thoroughly Abolitionists than the slaveholders; for let the doom of Slavery be hanging over themselves, and they would resist it with a vehemence and desperation, greater even than any at the North.

Friends, our work is before us. Twelve hundred thousand victims of the Slave Power more than when we began! But our enemies, and the enemies of the slave, are now made manifest—the field is clear—our cause is just, it is God's own cause, and his omnipotent blessing will be upon it:

"For truth shall conquer at the last—
So round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

Mr. Garrison's speech was received with close attention, and with many marks of approval.

The President read letters from Hon. Gerrit Smith, Rev. E. H. Chapin, Cassius M. Clay, Esq., of Kentucky, George W. Julian, of Indiana, and Henry C. Howells, of Pittsburgh.

It was Voted, To publish these letters with the Proceedings of this meeting.

The Declaration of Sentiments, put forth by this Society at its organization, was then read by Rev. Samuel J. May, now of Syracuse, N. Y., one of the original signers. The reading was heard with profound attention.

Mr. May asked leave to give some reminiscences of the Convention of 1833, and of the preparation of the Declaration of Sentiments. [A full report of his remarks will appear elsewhere.]

J. M. McKim acknowledged the general courtesy of the newspaper press of this city in announcing this meeting, and giving also a brief statement of the position of this Society, free of all expense to the Society.

Susan Cox made some remarks, in testimony of her adherence to the Anti-Slavery cause.

Voted, That the hour of meeting this afternoon be 2 1-2 o'clock, and this evening 7 o'clock; and that the hours of meeting to-morrow be 10 A. M., and 2 1-2 P. M., and 7 P. M.

Adjourned.

Afternoon.—The Society was called to order by Peter Libby, of Maine, one of the Vice-Presidents.

Rev. S. J. May, by request, gave to the meeting, some further reminiscences of the Convention of 1833.

On motion of Henry C. Wright, and seconded,

Voted, That a Committee of three be appointed to prepare a history of the Society, and of the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause, during the past twenty years, to be presented at the Annual Meeting of the Society in May next.

William Lloyd Garrison, Edmund Quincy, and Anne Warren Weston, were successively nominated and chosen said Committee.

Joseph Barker, of Ohio, addressed the Society as to the best ways and means of abolishing Slavery. His speech was able and highly interesting.

Henry Grew, of Philadelphia, spoke of the duty of relying upon the blessing of God.

The following introductory preamble and resolution was reported from the Business Committee.

Whereas, The commemoration of the Second Decade of the American Anti-Slavery Society presents a favourable opportunity to renew its testimonies, and to define its measures in regard to the overthrow of Slavery; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Society, rejecting the use of all carnal weapons to effect its beneficent object, relies alone for success on the constant promulgation of the truth, and its faithful application to the consciences and hearts of the people; on "the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption, the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love, and the abolition of Slavery by the spirit of repentance."

That it still maintains, as at the beginning, that every man who retains a human being in bondage as a marketable commodity, is a *man-stealer*.

That any religion which recognises and sustains such a relation is spurious, having no connection with Heaven, unfit to be tolerated on earth, and presenting the most flagrant impiety toward God, and the utmost barbarity toward man.

That, until the nature of man is changed, and the laws for the moral government of the Universe are repealed, and a God of justice is blotted out of the Universe, it is not possible for Slavery to be right under any circumstances; and, therefore, all those who are held in chattel servitude should be immediately and unconditionally set free.

That whatever government, statute, party, sect, church, creed, or parchment, assumes the rightfulness of the relation of master and slave, deserves to be execrated and rejected with horror, it being "a self-evident truth that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to liberty."

That the rejection of this statement is a shameless repudiation of the Declaration of Independence and the Golden Rule.

That nothing is so important as to admit of the postponement of the slave's liberation, even for an hour—neither the preservation of the Union, nor the safety of the Church, nor the peace of society, nor the enfranchisement of any people subjected to civil despotism; but it is to be demanded at all times, under all circumstances, at whatever cost.

That the highest expediency and the only sound policy is obedience to the Right; hence, the abolition of Slavery being demanded by justice, cannot be injurious to anything that of right ought to exist.

Further remarks were made by Henry C. Wright, Esther Moore, and W. L. Garrison.

James Mott gave notice of pamphlets to be distributed gratuitously at the close of this session.

Rev. Mr. Kelley, of New Bedford (coloured), spoke with great earnestness in favour of the plainest and most uncompromising language with regard to Slavery and all its abettors.

Henry Grew said he could not agree with a previous speaker, that God had no right to make a man a slave, or authorize another to do it; he believed the Deity had that right, though he did not believe he would exercise it.

Adjourned.

Evening.—At the commencement of the session, the following letter was read:

To the Second Decade Meeting of the Am. A. S. Society.

Dear Friends: At Kennett Quarterly Meeting of the Religious Society of Progressive Friends, in Chester County, Pa., held the 29th of the 10th Month, 1853.

This meeting, uniting and co-operating with the Anti-Slavery and other kindred reformatory movements of the day, unitedly concur in appointing the following delegation to represent us in the approaching Decade Meeting, to be held in Philadelphia, on the 3d, 4th and 5th of the 12th Month next, viz.:

Dr. Bartholomew Fussell, Mabel Pyle, John Cox, Benjamin Pyle, Esther Hayes, Castner Hanway, Edwin Chambers, Rohaney Way, Hannah Cox, Sallie Chandler, Isaac Mendenhall.

Extracted from the Minutes.

William Barnard, } Clerks.
Sarah S. Preston, }

After the reading of the preamble and resolution already reported, the meeting was addressed by Thos. Whitson, of Christiana; Miss Elizabeth C. Wright, of Ceres, Pa.; Joseph Barker, Henry C. Wright, Edmund Quincy, and Wm. L. Garrison.

Adjourned to Sunday morning, 10 o'clock.

SECOND DAY—Sunday Morning.

The President took the chair at 10 1-2 o'clock, and called to order. A very large audience filled the spacious hall. The day was clear and bright, and all seemed to have come with minds and hearts earnest and eager to know all truth and all duty.

Joseph A. Dugdale read several exceedingly appropriate passages of Scripture.

Letters from W. G. W. Lewis, on behalf of his father Samuel Lewis, of Cincinnati, Ohio; and from Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Worcester, Mass., were read; and it was *voted* to publish said letters with the proceedings.

Mary L. Cox (formerly a member of the Society of Friends, and sister of Rev. S. H. Cox, D.D.) expressed her firm assurance that the Anti-Slavery cause is the true Christian work and movement of this country and time.

Edmund Quincy gave an explanation of his remarks last evening with regard to the difference between the oppression of this country and that of Great Britain.

The chair was taken by Robert Purvis, of Phil., one of the Vice-Presidents.

Joseph Barker made some very impressive statements concerning the terrible effects of the cruel legislation of Great Britain, in the case of the Corn Laws. Still there was no difference between himself and other speakers, as to the infernal character of American Slavery.

Charles C. Burleigh, in a most eloquent and conclusive manner, argued the perfect identity of the Anti-Slavery cause with the whole genius and spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Williams, of Wilmington, Del. (cloloured), said she must be indulged in a few words. She said she had attended but very few Anti-Slavery meetings; but (said she, with great emotion) I have been told that these men (pointing to Messrs. Garrison, Burleigh, and others on the platform) are my enemies, the enemies of the coloured people, and it is but a short time since I heard a Methodist Minister in Wilmington, Delaware, say that these men are all *infidels*. Now I have seen these men for myself, and I have heard them; and I have heard more truth this morning, and I have had my intellect more enlightened as to the character of God, and my heart more stirred with the love of God, than by all the preaching of all the Ministers I ever listened to in my life. Here she stopped, having moved many to tears, and as she took her seat said, "I couldn't help it, I should have burst if I didn't."

Wendell Phillips said he must speak a few words, late as it was, to bear his protest against the idea, which had been advanced here, that any of the oppressions of Europe, terrible as they are, are to be classed with American Slavery. Mr. Phillips gave some cogent reasons for assigning to *Slavery* the character which belongs and can belong to no other form of oppression, of being, not only the "sum of all villanies," but a peculiar villany, to which no other on the earth can be likened.

Joseph Barker said that Mr. Phillips had misunderstood his meaning, as well as the origin of the discussion relative to the oppression of the British Government. Mr. B. also made one or two concessions to Mr. Quincy, with which that gentleman declared himself perfectly satisfied.

Adjourned.

Afternoon.—Previous to the calling to order, Sojourner Truth (a coloured woman, and, in early life, a slave in the State of New York) sang a plaintive song, touching the wrongs of the slave, and afterwards spoke of the wrong Slavery had done to her and others.

Joseph Barker gave a brief further explanation on the subject which was under discussion at the close of the morning session, and took his seat.

Wendell Phillips acknowledged that, as to the character of European emigration to this country, Mr. Barker was doubtless more competent to speak than himself. With this, he would leave that topic, and offer some thoughts, on the occasion of this Anniversary, on the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause during the past twenty years. This he did, in a most eloquent speech, which was listened to with the deepest attention.

Susan H. Cox made an appeal in behalf of the cause, as infinitely above all Sectarian issues.

Edmund Quincy, a Vice-President, took the chair.

Wm. L. Garrison, in an eloquent speech, showed how worthless, in this age and country, is an ordinary profession of belief in Christ and the Gospel.

Adjourned.

Evening.—On taking the chair, Mr. Garrison made a few remarks, explanatory of the views he advanced, in the afternoon, as to the essentially popish and anti-protestant assumption of charging *infidelity* upon any for their interpretation of the Bible.

Miss Wright read some original lines, of encouragement to those who, after twenty years' struggle against the Slave Power, may feel disheartened.

A Word to the Weary.

BY ELIZABETH C. WRIGHT, OF CERES, PA.

The eyes of men are failing with looking up so long
For fleetness to outrace the swift and strength to fight the strong,
And their faith is full of doubting when God's lightnings seem in vain
To melt the ice from human hearts and rive the bondman's chain;
And the lip has learned to murmur at the laws, ill-understood,
Which send the sun and rain alike on the evil and the good;
And the heart grows sick and weary that the seed so freely sown
So often falls on barren sand, and cold unyielding stone—
That words return so dull and void, that went forth strong and full
Of Truth's most earnest prophecies against Oppression's rule,
And when he, like the seer of old, would call down scath and fire,
Heaven's blue serene but seems to mock his soul's impatient ire.

He sees a nation's garments grown by threat and lash-paid toil;
He hears his murdered brother's blood cry ceaseless from the soil;
He sees no forest deep enough, in all this wide-spread land,
To shield the crimelesss fugitive from the oppressor's hand.

A stranger rests within thy gates—a weary one is he;
What boots his name, or hue, or race—what matters it to me?
A-hungered, cold, a-thirst, he comes—thy bounty gushes free;
A Saviour's tones approving say—"Thou didst it unto me!"
But, hark! is that a bloodhound's bay? Why comes its howling here?
Why turns that stranger's tranquil brow aghast with sudden fear?
O wo for him! that hunted one; thou canst not give him rest;
Thy household altar cannot shield that "welcome stranger guest;"
The marshal and his minions, full armed, are on his track,
To his loathsome house of bondage to bear God's image back;
No homestead walls, no fireside hearths, are sacred from the hand
Of human vampyres, such as these, that scourge our slave-cursed land.

What wonder that men's souls grow sick at all this woe and wrong!
What wonder that their faith is weak when evil seems so strong!
She boasts her strength with voice of pride and down before her fall
The leaders they had watched and hoped would break her iron thrall;
O trust not to such wandering stars! To *each* a soul is given;
Each has his own peculiar work to do for earth and Heaven.
We read a fallen leader drew a third of Heaven's bright host
Down to that grim and black abyss where all were merged and lost:
Then follow not blind, erring guides, when GOD can lead us all!
We owe allegiance to none else—we need no other's call.

The arm of flesh is faint and weak, and, if the spirit fail,
O when, in all this outraged earth, will peace and right prevail?
When the half-wrecked ship is drifting upon the stormy sea,
The sailor has no time to pause or wail despairingly;
Storm-worn and dripping with the brine of many a billow's crest,
The weary battler with the waves can find no time to rest;
And now this whelming tide of wrong the bark of Truth has tossed
Till Hope's dim beacon, 'mid the storm, seems well nigh drowned and lost;
Yet all the more with earnest grasp hold fast the driving wheel,
And steer, amid the breaking surf, our good ship's stubborn keel.
The weary must not heed his toil, nor weak ones count their fears;
The mourner must forget his grief—here is no time for tears;
The night-watch must not miss our work, or where this driving storm
Shall break before the blazing wheels that bring the coming morn,
We shall not see the riven clouds fall dead and prone apart,
And from their very blackest midst the genial sun-light start.
Take courage, weary toiler—Heaven whispers earnest cheer—
For ever when we least expect, the light and hope draw near;
For we know that God is with us—that for the *man* he gave
He will not take from *masters'* hands a chattel soul—a *slave*.
Ah, spoilers! tremble when he calls for that manhood robbed away,
For the hosts of rights and duties you are snatching from your prey!

O, Soldiers on Truth's battle-field, with your arms of love and light,
I charge you, faint not! God has pledged the victory to the RIGHT.

Rev. Samuel J. May, in a few words, expressed anew his full and unalterable devotion to the Anti-Slavery Cause, as, in itself, the very cause of Christ and his Gospel.

Edmund Quincy reviewed the past moral position, influence and triumphs of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Williams Thorn, of Chester Co., went into a defence of the Free Soil party, as a party which had conferred great benefits on the country.

George Sunter Jr., of Derby, England, expressed his conviction that all oppression, whether that of the slaveholder, or of the British aristocracy, or of any European throne, is identical in spirit, and productive of closely similar results.

Wendell Phillips reviewed, in a speech of great eloquence and interest, many events and incidents of the past twenty years—commenting upon public men sects and parties, with great force of reason and sarcasm.

Rev. Dr. Furness, though unprepared (he said) to make a speech, expressed his satisfaction in standing on this platform. He referred to many encouraging facts, and spoke to the Society in words of noble faith, and of most welcome cheer.

Lucretia Mott spoke, almost as one inspired, on various topics of the cause. It was a beautiful and touching tribute to the power of Moral Principle, and a most eloquent admonition and exhortation to all who are labouring in the service of Truth, Humanity, and God.

William Lloyd Garrison showed how utterly destitute we are, in this country, of anything deserving the name of a political Union.

Adjourned to 10 A. M. of Monday.

THIRD DAY—Monday Morning.

The Society met again at Sansom Hall, and was called to order, at 10 1-4 o'clock, by Samuel J. May a Vice-President.

Lucretia Mott said that, in her opinion, it should be a matter of record that, during all our meetings, the most respectful and candid attention had been given, by the large and sometimes inconveniently-crowded number present, to the most radical utterances of our speakers. She regarded it as one among the many favourable signs of the times.

Esther Moore referred to the great and wonderful change which had taken place, in regard to our cause, during the twenty years past.

Mary Clement recited some beautiful lines of the late Elizabeth M. Chandler.

After various remarks on the subject, in which O. Johnson, J. Barker, Mr. Gibson of New Jersey, Dr. B. Fussell of Chester County and others, took part, it was

Voted, That, in republishing, with the Proceedings of this meeting, the Declaration of Sentiments with the original signatures, there shall also be published, in a separate list, the names of those persons (women as well as men) who attended the Convention of 1833, but had no opportunity to sign the Declaration at that time; and, furthermore, that another list be appended, including the names of all others, present at *this* meeting, who desire to affix their names to the Declaration.

Oliver Johnson said he had been examining the newspapers of this city, and considered it due to nearly the whole of them to say that they had fairly spoken of this meeting and its doings. One paper in particular, had reported it with especial fairness, the *Daily Register*. There was, however, another paper which had pursued a different course, the *Daily News*, a paper whose influence in this city is small, indeed, but which may find credit in some quarters; among other false and scurrilous things relating to this meeting, it states that Charles C. Burleigh, yesterday morning, said that Parker Pillsbury baptizes dogs, when every one present knew that Mr. B. expressly stated that story to be a falsehood, and explained clearly how Mr. Pillsbury came to be so grossly misrepresented. A more complete falsehood, said Mr. Johnson, than this, in the *Daily News*, never was published.

Mr. Garrison said such falsehoods should be branded on the spot, in justice to the Society which was maligned.

An incidental discussion arose as to the proper and precise limits to be assigned to the topics of debate on the Anti-Slavery platform, in which Henry Grew, W. L. Garrison, J. M. McKim, Lucretia Mott, Esther Moore, Wendell Phillips, George Sunter Jr., Joseph Barker, William Brown, Thomas Whitson, Isaac Flint, of Maryland, and Charles C. Burleigh, took part.

The following resolutions were introduced from the Business Committee:

Resolved, That the renewed and heart-felt thanks of this Society be proffered to the many faithful friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, across the Atlantic, for the generous and important aid which they have rendered it by their contributions to the National Bazaar, and through other channels; and by their emphatic religious testimonies transmitted to this country, from time to time, against the prostitution of the Christian faith and the Christian church to the support of the impious system of Slavery, by admitting slaveholders to Christian communion; and we earnestly beseech them not to give any heed to the assertion, wherever or by whomsoever made, that they are doing more harm than good by their interference for the emancipation of those in bondage on our soil, but rather to multiply their expostulations, warnings and rebukes, in the same spirit of good-will and Christian fidelity, and to continue their pecuniary co-operation to the extent of their ability—assured that, in this manner, they are powerfully accelerating the approach of that day when the trump of jubilee shall "proclaim liberty throughout all the world, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

Resolved, That our most grateful acknowledgments are tendered to our long-tried and inestimable fellow-labourer, James Miller McKim, for his gratuitous and effective vindication of this Society, and its prominent supporters, against the numberless false and malicious charges brought against

* Mr. Remond, though expected to be present when appointed, was detained at home by illness.

them by the enemies of individual and universal freedom, during his late visit to England; and also to our equally devoted friend, SARAH PUGH, for a similar service performed abroad, during a more protracted absence; and that we hail their return to these shores, in health and safety, and to the field of conflict, ready as hitherto to spend and be spent in the noblest cause of the age.

JAMES MILLER MCKIM desiring to speak to these resolutions, but feeling unable to do so at the present time, owing to ill-health, was by vote requested to draw up in writing what he purposed to say, that it might be incorporated with the proceedings.

The following resolutions on the Colonization Society were reported from the Business Committee:

Resolved, That, in regard to the Colonization enterprise, we make no issue on any of the following points—whether Africa ought not to be reclaimed from barbarism and idolatry; nor whether black missionaries are not better adapted to its climate than white ones; nor whether it is wrong to assist voluntary emigration to the shores of that continent; nor whether the Slave trade has not been crippled, or driven from their localities by the colonies already established; nor whether the settlement at Liberia has not attained, in the same period, as high a position as did the Plymouth or Jamestown colony; nor whether the condition of the free coloured people in this land is not one of great hardships, and surrounded by many afflicting circumstances; nor whether, to those who are held in bondage, exile with penniless freedom is not preferable to a life of chattelized servitude; but it is, what are the doctrines, designs and measures of the American Colonization Society, and is it worthy of the countenance and support of a civilized and Christian people?

Resolved, That we abhor and repudiate the Colonization Society for the following among other reasons: 1, because it sanctions the infernal doctrine that man can rightfully hold property in his fellow-man; 2, because it is managed and controlled by Slaveholders, whose aim is to give quietude, security and value to the Slave system, by the removal of the free blacks; 3, because it declares the leprous spirit of complexional prejudice is natural, and not to be removed even by the operations of the Holy Spirit upon the heart; 4, because it is the bitter, malignant and active enemy of the Anti-Slavery enterprise; 5, because it stimulates and sanctions the enactment of soul-crushing laws and proscriptive edicts against our free coloured population, under the pressure of which they shall find it impossible to stand erect on this their native soil, and may therefore be induced to emigrate to Africa; 6, because the motives it avows, the sentiments it inculcates, the means it uses, the measures it sanctions, are base, cruel, demoniacal; and, 7, because, from its institution to the present time, the objects of its professed commiseration have unceasingly borne the strongest testimony against it as uncalled for, hateful, persecuting, and unnatural.

As the time had expired, for which Sansom Hall was engaged, the Society adjourned to meet, without delay, at the hall corner of Ninth and Arch streets.

Re-assembled, according to adjournment, the President in the chair.

The resolutions on Colonization being taken up,

G. B. STEBBINS spoke in their support, briefly, but to the point.

J. J. Kelley, Esther Moore, Josiah Bond, Charles C. Burleigh, Elizabeth Williams, Sojourner Truth, Javena Lee, Mr. Glasgow, James Walker, and others, continued the discussion.

The question was called for, and a strong and unanimous vote was given in favour of the resolutions and against the American Colonization Society.

The question was called for, on the remaining resolutions, and, being taken, separately, they were adopted.

Rev. S. J. MAY, of Syracuse, said he rose to perform a painful duty. Many present, said he, will recollect a statement, which has appeared in the Anti-Slavery and other journals, to the effect that all the members of the Unitarian Society in St. Louis, Missouri, have emancipated their slaves, and that the Society now stands wholly free from participation in slaveholding. It appears that this is not true. A letter from Rev. W. G. Eliot, pastor of the Society, published in the *Christian Register*, at Boston, denies the fact. Mr. May expressed the sorrow and shame he felt in being obliged to make this statement, in correction of a report which had afforded the highest pleasure to himself and many others.

Mr. GARRISON offered the following resolution:

Whereas, among the endless devices of the pro-slavery spirit is the attempt to divert attention from the great issue now before the country, and to baffle the operations of this Society, by raising against it the most false and malignant outcries, such as that it is an Anti-Sabbath, an Anti-Bible, an Anti-Government, and an Infidel Society, &c., &c.; therefore,

Resolved, That the only views which are sanctioned and promulgated by the American Anti-Slavery Society, on these topics, are—

That it is lawful on the Sabbath day to remember the millions of our fellow-countrymen who have been plunged into the horrible pit of Slavery, and to combine to extricate them therefrom: That the Bible is most foully and wickedly perverted by the great body of the American clergy, to the sanction and support of American Slavery: That any government which makes merchandise of human beings, and hunts fugitive slaves, is to be execrated and repudiated forever: That the only Infidelity which this Society endorses is that which breaks the yoke and lets the oppressed go free—and the only Christianity which it rejects as spurious is that which vindicates Slavery as compatible with justice, humanity, and the love of God.

The resolution was adopted, without a dissenting voice.

J. M. MCKIM presented the case, yet unsettled, of Daniel Kaufman and Stephen F. Weakley, and appealed to individuals present for aid in the case.

The Secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society were instructed to obtain the original copy of the Declaration of Sentiments, as engrossed on parchment by Dr. Abraham L. Cox.

LUCRETIA MOTT urged attention to that portion of the Declaration of Sentiments which relates to our giving the preference to free-grown produce. She begged the friends to consider, also, if they did not compromise their principles by aiding in the purchase of individual slaves, thereby enabling the slaveholder to purchase two in place of the one sold.

EDMUND QUINCY expressed the thanks of all the members of the Society, and others present from abroad, to the friends resident in Philadelphia for their abundant and generous hospitality.

The Society then adjourned, *sine die*.

Thus ended a meeting which, for ability in the discussions, a world-wide liberality on the part of the speakers, deep and growing interest on the part of all present, fidelity to the cause of the enslaved, and a spirit of undisturbed and unfaltering reliance upon the truth of God, has scarcely been equalled, and perhaps never surpassed, by any in the history of the Anti-Slavery enterprise.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, *President*.

SAMUEL MAY, JR.,
OLIVER JOHNSON,
CYRUS M. BURLEIGH,
SARAH PUGH,
GILES B. STEBBINS, } *Secretaries*.

NOTE.—The foregoing record of proceedings is very meagre and skeleton-like; but a full report, by J. M. W. YERRINTON, Esq., of Boston (one of the most accomplished Phonographists in the country), will be published, in pamphlet form, with all convenient despatch. Some of the eloquent speeches made on the occasion will probably be published in the *Standard*.

LETTERS.

From Hon. Gerrit Smith.

MESSRS. GARRISON, QUINCY, PHILLIPS AND GAY—*Dear Friends:* Your invitation finds me suffering under rush of blood to the head. My reply must therefore be brief.

I should indeed love to be with you on the 3d and 4th proximo, but I cannot be. I hope to be able to be in Washington at that time. Truly yours, GERRIT SMITH.

From Rev. E. H. Chapin.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24, 1853.

GENTLEMEN: You rightly apprehend my desire for the speedy overthrow of Slavery in our land, and my sympathy with every movement which tends to accomplish this object; but absence from home and numerous engagements render it impracticable for me to be present at the meeting of the 3d and 4th of Dec. Yours truly, E. H. CHAPIN.

Messrs. W. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, S. H. Gay.

From William G. W. Lewis.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 29, 1853.

DEAR SIRS: My father, Samuel Lewis, has received a letter requesting his presence at your Annual Anniversary, at Philadelphia, on the 3d and 4th of December.

Mr. Lewis's health will prevent him from leaving home at present, while a severe attack of illness prevents him even answering your letter in the manner you suggested.

He wishes me, however, to say, that his opposition to Slavery and the spirit that sustains it is still unceasing and uncompromising. He never expects to cease in his exertions to banish it from the land, while he lives, or until it is driven entirely from our borders. The time has come when Christians, whether in the organized church bodies or out of them, must, if obedient to the faith, rally in defence of God's truth and of humanity, in opposition to oppression of every kind and everywhere.

Yours for the cause of humanity,
WM. G. W. LEWIS.

Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, S. H. Gay, Secretaries.

From Cassius M. Clay.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Nov. 21, 1853.

GENTLEMEN: Your kind letter of the 10th inst., inviting me to attend the Twentieth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, is received. I should be proud to be with the pioneers of the cause of Liberty, on such a day, did time allow; but it does not. There is something significant in your going South. You have "conquered a peace" in Boston. When you were driven from New York, a few years ago, you immediately came in close sympathy with a large class of stern men and woman, who before stood aloof in their countenance of your movement. New York is now won; and Philadelphia must now determine whether, gracefully or no, she must submit to the unconquerable *truth*, and the progress of the age! You are right when you class me with those who contend for "the speedy and eternal overthrow of Slavery in our land, by all rightful instrumentalities." I value it above all other questions. You fight outside of the Union; I within it. So long as we agree in purpose, we will agree to disagree in the means. I love "the Union" as much as the "Silver Grays" or Southern canters; but I love it not for itself; I love it as the means to an end. I love it as the exponent and conservator of the principles of man's equality and self-government. I love it as the legacy of our fathers, who avowed that government had only its authority from the consent of the governed. I love it as the guardian also of religious liberty, and the true Christianity—that religion is between man and his God; and that no man can rightfully, in this respect, exercise censorship over others. I love the Union as the banner-bearer of the aspirants of freedom of all lands and nations—lovely in order to be loved. But when it fails in these "glorious" ends—and in these only "*glorious*"—then say I, *let it perish forever!*

And as I thus love it, I shall make eternal war upon all those canting scoundrels, whether in Church or State, who would pervert its true prestige to the retainment of Slavery, and its extension and perpetuity. I return the war of lynchers and "respectable" mobs! I return the war of those, however powerful, whose main business it is in these States to "crush out Abolitionism!" I return the war of those who would, by sermons, tracts, or literature, aid the reaction of anti revolutionary avowals. I return the war of those who, under the hallowed names of Democracy and Republicanism, stand by foreign despotisms, and who, amid blood and prisons, bear banners inscribed with "law and order!" I return the war of the Supreme Courts of the United States, who, under the pretence of devotion to law, pervert every principle of justice, of the President of the slave power, and of a servile Congress! With a manly heart, which may be beaten down, but never conquered, I stand by you and all true men; and my voice shall ever be, "*don't give up the ship.*" I am, truly, your friend, C. M. CLAY.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, President; Wendell Phillips, E. Quincy, S. H. Gay, Secretaries.

From T. W. Higginson.

WORCESTER (Mass.), Dec. 2, 1853.

DEAR SIRS: I thank you for the honour done me by your invitation to attend the Anti-Slavery celebration at Philadelphia, and regret that I cannot accept it, in consequence of other engagements.

I regard the Anti-Slavery movement as *the moral school of this generation*. Beyond all other questions of the time, this *tests* every man first, and then *educates* him. I do not see how there can be, among generous and conscientious persons, more than one opinion respecting its principles, or more than two opinions respecting its destiny. And whichsoever of these two last opinions we may adopt, our practical duty remains still the same.

My meaning is very simple. This nation struggles under one terrible disease, growing with its growth, and strengthening at the expense of its real strength. Now every disease has one of two results. Either the disease kills the patient, or the patient, after all, outlives the disease.

1. There are those (and I am one of them) who think that the patient in this case will outlive the disease. These point to the increasing mental and moral education of society, to better laws, to the decided improvement especially in the condition of the Southern slave population, and the amelioration of slave codes (in spite of all assertions to the contrary); they point, finally, to the great sudden birth of an Anti-Slavery Literature, to prove that the great moral power of the world is at last beginning to produce an effect. Certainly, if these things be true, they should put a heart of faith in every American man and woman, enabling each one to fight more strongly on the side of Freedom.

2. But there are those who deny all this, and believe that Slavery is gradually gaining a larger and larger control of our National Government; that the nation is too utterly prostrated ever to recover from the moral contamination; that the United States, "the Rome of the Dollar," is destined to fall as the other Rome fell; that, in short, the disease will kill the patient. I do not believe this; but let it be so. How does this affect our practical action? *It is remarkable, that it is in periods when States are declining that individual virtue always shines brightest.* It was so in Greece—it was so in Rome. Seneca said, "Was there ever any State so desperate as that of Athens under the Thirty Tyrants, when it was a capital crime to be honest" [it is politically a capital crime to be honest now], "and when the Senate was a College of Hangmen" [who was it whom a United States Senator threatened to hang?]—"Never was any time so wretched and hopeless; and yet Socrates preached moderation to the Tyrants, and courage to all the rest."

It was Seneca who wrote this, and lived to act the same part himself in the decline of Rome. What a waste of virtue it seemed to them! But now that Greece and Rome are long fallen, and the very names of their tyrants faded, Socrates and Seneca still live to guide and encourage a younger race, on another continent. So it is always with true Reformers in the worst of times; the immediate result of their labours is uncertain; the distant result is sure.

It was an ancient maxim, that "*it is far easier to conquer a nation than one wise man*"; and it is so now.

I am yours, very respectfully, T. W. HIGGINSON.

Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, S. H. Gay, Secretaries.

From Henry C. Howells.

ROSE DALE, near Alleghany, Pa., Nov. 28, 1853.

My beloved Friends in the cause of universal righteous Freedom: Twenty years have passed since it was my happiness to address you on the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Twenty years of patient, persevering and enduring toil in the happy service of the God of Love. Twenty years of persecution and defamation, with all manner of evil spoken falsely of you for the name's sake of Him who pities the poor and destitute. Taking joyfully the spoiling of your goods, and the jeopardy of your lives, the execration of tyrants, and the anathemas of a hireling priesthood, you have been thus far sustained by Omnipotence, shielded in the hour of danger, and cheered onward with the promises of Him who cannot lie, that Truth (and your cause is Truth) shall finally triumph over every obstacle, whether it proceed from the grosser forms of vice, or from the phylacteries of what has been emphatically called "American Christianity." The Lord and Master, in addressing the latter class, said, that "Publicans and harlots shall enter the Kingdom before you." What do we see? The Church (with some happy exceptions), which has shut up her bowels of compassion, deaf to the wailing of millions of the human brotherhood not more unworthy than themselves, and dumb in the cause of those appointed to destruction; therefore she is losing her moral influence in the world, and, from her time-serving policy, sinking in the estimation of common honesty. Yet, in her God-defying position, to cover her own shame, she points at you with the finger of affected scorn, and with a mendacious tongue cries "Infidel." Would to God that the charge could be retorted, with fearful reality, and tremendous power! Again she shouts "Atheist!" So did the idolators of Rome to the primitive Christians, because they would not worship their gods. But the practical Infidels and Atheists are those who handle the word of God deceitfully, who honour Him with their lips, but in works deny Him, and His power defy. They form a league with the enemies of God and man. They deceive the South by false representations of their best friends. They deceive the Nation by representing those who would exalt it in righteousness as enemies of their race.

But what do we now see? When the professed friends of the Redeemer are false to their trust, He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him. The Fugitive Law, black as the pit with moral pollution, is working a mighty change. The Theatre, too, burdened, like Baalam's ass, with the sins of the nation, now with the tongue of humanity rebukes the madness of the prophet! as, in various places, Uncle Tom's Cabin, with all its thrilling, heart-breaking realities, is acted to the life before crowding, weeping thousands. The same class of the community who once were proud to be your persecutors will yet rejoice to do the rougher work of breaking the chains of Slavery. Lastly, if human testimony is of any value, you have coadjutors among the spirits of the just made perfect who, from the upper world, are teaching a purer morality than that taught by the churches generally.

Dear friends, my heart's desire is that the God of love may endue you with heavenly wisdom in all your deliberations, make you zealous and faithful to do His will, and preserve you in peace.

I much regret it is not in my power to be with you. The loss is mine. But should any of my old friends, or any friends of progression, journey this way, I shall be happy to give them a passing home and hearty welcome.

I cannot close this letter without expressing my joy at the successful and happy results of the first lectures given in the Slave States by those excellent women, Lucretia Mott and Lucy Stone. Much of the mighty work of reform is, I believe, yet to be accomplished by woman disenthralled from ages of oppression. Southerners have often been represented by their false friends as incapable of any motive but sordid interest, but they have shown and will yet evince all the susceptibilities of humanity, and that they are capable of receiving and carrying out the truth nobly. All honour to those female champions in the cause of Righteousness.

Your friend, HENRY C. HOWELLS.

From Hon. George W. Julian.

CENTREVILLE, Ind., Nov. 20, 1853.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON—*Dear Sir:* I have received your letter of the 10th instant, inviting me to be present at the twentieth Anniversary of the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to be held in Philadelphia, on the third and fourth December next. For this distinguished and unmerited honour please accept my sincere thanks. Most gladly would I be with you, and avail myself of the catholic invitation of your Society to occupy its platform, "untrammelled in regard to thought or speech." Nothing could afford me more heartfelt gratification than to imbibe afresh the resolute purpose and martyr spirit of our great movement, by a friendly communion with its heroes; and it is therefore with unfeigned regret that I find myself precluded by other engagements from attending your celebration.

The object of your Society is "the speedy and eternal overthrow of chattel Slavery in our land." The magnitude of such a work requires a faith in those who undertake it commensurate with its achievement. They must have faith in Providence, in Rectitude, in the triumph of the Right through the sincere strivings of men. All good causes lag and languish through lack of this faith, through a lurking suspicion, which finds its way into our hearts, that injustice is a necessity under the government of the Most High. If we really believed in the truths to which we subscribe in words; if, in our judgment, we could find but "one strong thing in this earth, the *just* thing, the *true* thing;" if we could fully realize that justice is omnipotent, and that Slavery and every other refuge of lies *must* perish because opposed to the beneficent ordainments of the Universe; and if men everywhere would acknowledge and practically apply these truths, humanity would be redeemed from its woes, and the millennial day would be ushered in upon the world. Here lies the grand difficulty with our movement. There are even many professedly Anti-Slavery men, who, I believe, are scarcely half converted, who manifest no confidence in the power of truths they profess, by efforts or sacrifices for their advancement, and whose hearts falter and grow cold when the signs of promise are all around their pathway. For myself, I believe the Providence of God, availing itself of the blindness and wickedness of men, is hastening on a great crisis in the history of our country, and that the cause in which we are engaged is passing through a transition period, from a feeble and unpopular to a powerful and dominant movement, among the great forces that are shaking the world.

This opinion is based upon facts which, to some, indicate the decline of free principles. The passage of the Compromise measures, now more than three years since, and the decree which simultaneously went forth that there is no higher law than the wicked enactments of men; the preachings of multitudinous heaps of lower law sermons, and the joining hands of Castle garden politicians and atheistical doctors of divinity in the endeavour to dethrone Jehovah and inaugurate the Devil in his stead; the holding of grand Union meetings throughout the country, after the Union had been already saved by the plasters and nostrums of its political doctors; the calling out of the Army and Navy by the Federal authorities to assist in the return of a fugitive slave, and the effort to drag from the grave of tyranny and foist into our jurisprudence the infernal doctrine of constructive treason; the cold-blooded conspiracy of the Whig and Democratic parties last year at Baltimore, against republicanism, humanity, and God; the recent case of John Freeman at Indianapolis, and the reeking villainy of the Marshal of Indiana in stripping the body of his victim so that a Christless squad of perjured miscreants and kidnappers might swear according to the pattern, which they did; the still more recent case of William Thomas at Wilkesbarre, set on foot by blood-thirsty assassins acting in the name of the Government, and the heartless and high-handed judicial ruffianism of Judge Grier: these and many kindred facts which I might name are not the tokens of disaster to our cause, but the sure prophecies of its triumph. As the natural fruits of the slave power appealing to the hearts and consciences of the people, they were demanded by the times: for it has been said truly that wrong institutions must grow to their full stature, and display all their diabolical enormity, before men will engage earnestly in the work of their overthrow. We should not desire to have Satan act with a prudent circumspection, and enlist the world on his side or disarm its opposition, by disguising himself in the drapery of decency. Let him show his cloven foot, and make palpable the fact that he is a devil, and his empire will be subverted.

Herein should the enemies of Slavery thank God and take courage. We have unmasked the dragon. We have shorn it of its long-permitted immunity from the right of search, and compelled it to stand up in its unveiled ugliness before the judgment seat of the world. The slave interest itself has become a most efficient helper in its own destruction. Its unhallowed rule has at length set the world to thinking, its great heart to beating, and its great voice to agitating. The Anti-Slavery spirit has pervaded our literature, and millions of hearts, in the old world and the new, are now throbbing responsive to the sufferings of the American Slaves. It is rapidly moulding the public opinion of the civilized world, which Mr. Webster used to tell us is the strongest power on earth. It is remorselessly breaking into fragments the great political parties of our country, and at the same time extending its dominion into the churches and heirarchies, which it will either purify or scatter to the four winds as a preliminary to the establishment of other systems, wherein shall dwell righteousness. These facts, and the glorious future of which they give promise, should animate us with courage, constancy, and an unfaltering faith, in our continual labours for the oppressed. You, I am sure, and those who constitute the American Anti-Slavery Society, will not be blinded or disheartened by the irregular ebb and flow of political currents, or by facts which drift about upon their surface, but you will penetrate it to those great moral tides, which underlie and heave onward the politics, the religion, and the whole framework of society.

With an assured trust in the progress and triumph of our cause, I am yours very truly, GEO. W. JULIAN.

A HARD CASE.—A correspondent of the *Tribune* gives the particulars of a case illustrative of the prejudice against coloured people, and the oppression and suffering to which it subjects them, which occurred a few days since in Brooklyn. Were the woman here referred to white, who, for some absurd reason, was put to so serious an inconvenience, the law, doubtless, would give her exemplary damages; and though such might not be the result of a suit where the plaintiff is coloured, it would be well if coloured people, in such circumstances, were, at least, to seek for justice in a Court of law. The circumstances of the case referred to are thus related:

On Saturday of last week a gentleman and lady from the island of Jamaica, with a family of children and two coloured servants, came to the City of Brooklyn from abroad and stopped at a private house, No. 87 State street. The gentleman engaged a passage for himself and family on the George Law, which was to sail on Monday at 2 o'clock. About 1 o'clock on Monday he made arrangements with the employés of Mr. W. Robertson, who keeps a livery stable in State street near Henry, to take himself and family to the George Law. Finding one carriage insufficient, he ordered a second, and was assured that it would be in readiness in a very short time. Having some business to transact in New York, he hastened forward with the first carriage, leaving a portion of his baggage and an aged female servant to follow him in the second carriage, as he was assured they would.

The second carriage was soon at the door, at No. 87 State street, and the driver was about putting the baggage on board, when his evil genius prompted him to inquire whom he was to take in his carriage; and on being informed that a respectably-dressed coloured woman, who was present and pointed out to him, was to be his passenger, he exclaimed: "I will not take "her! it is against the law! I will not take her!" and without waiting for a moment's explanation he mounted his box and drove off, leaving the poor woman, who has a family in Jamaica from which she has been separated several months, with out-stretching arms exclaiming, "O take me! take me! I will pay you any "money. Take me in a cart, or any way, only take "me!" But he heeded not her cries, and the poor woman was left in Brooklyn, where she still remains with a portion of her employer's baggage, while he is on his way to Jamaica.

THE METHODIST CHURCH CONTROVERSY.

THE division in the Methodist Episcopal Church, caused originally by the tender consciences of the Northern members, on the ground that a Bishop should be a better Christian than a mere layman, and ought not therefore to be a shareholder, but which brought up various questions relating to Church property not easily arranged, seems likely, at last, to be in the way of a satisfactory settlement. The terms of the adjustment are not yet made public, but the committee representing the Church, both North and South, have issued the following card, which, we suppose, is considered as the virtual settlement of the whole controversy. Each Church, no doubt, will have its fair share of goods and chattles, and hereafter they will dwell together in unity, the only difference between them being that there is one sort of sin which the dignitaries of the Church North may not be permitted to commit, though the common people may enjoy the privilege of serving the devil in that particular, in common with the whole Church South:

The undersigned, a committee appointed for the purpose of preparing a statement for publication of the action of the commissioners upon the question in litigation between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in relation to the property of the Book Concern in New York, report the following:

The Hon. John M'Lean having voluntarily undertaken a correspondence with the commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and those of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and having received assurances from both parties of a disposition to come to an amicable settlement of the matter in litigation, and having been invited to be present at a meeting of the aforesaid commissioners, and to aid them with his counsels, met with them at the Mission Rooms, 199 Mulberry street, New York, on the 26th ultimo, and, by the unanimous request of the commissioners, acted as chairman.

This settlement has been agreed upon by the parties without the arbitrament of a third party, and is to each entirely satisfactory. The conclusion of this settlement was followed by thanksgivings to God, and most hearty expressions of Christian love and mutual confidence. The feelings which prevail among the commissioners of the two churches we may hope is a true type of that which will prevail hereafter throughout the bounds of the common Methodism, north and south.

After a careful and most friendly examination of the whole question, the southern commissioners made a proposition for a settlement of their claims, which the commissioners for the New York Concern accepted. Nothing now remains to be done to consummate this desirable adjustment of a most troublesome litigation but the execution of the necessary papers, and the arrangements for a final decree of the United States Court for the Southern District of New York, now in session in this city.

Much credit is to be awarded to his Honour, Judge M'Lean, for his agency in the completion of this important and desirable arrangement; and we doubt not but this will stand prominently among those acts of his long and brilliant career which have given him so enviable a position before the Christian public.

The details of the settlement will be made known to the public when the final decree of the court shall transpire.
GEORGE PECK,
WILLIAM A. SMITH.

The above report was unanimously adopted.
Z. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

ROSE COOPER.—Our readers have not forgotten, probably, the name of the woman who claimed the custody of the little coloured girl, Jane Trainer, whom her own father sought, a few months ago, in our city courts, and sought in vain, to redeem from the life of infamy to which her mistress unquestionably meant to devote her. Nor can it be forgotten that such a woman, a notorious and acknowledged prostitute, residing, while in this city, in a house of assignation, found in Judge Duer a judge so unmindful of justice as to surrender to her care, in spite of the plea of the parent, a child of tender years; that she found also in James T. Brady a diligent counsel and obsequious attendant during a protracted trial; and that that portion of the press which most claims distinction for its rigid piety, and rampant patriotism of its editors, was loud in its defence of her, and denounced as an outrage upon morality and law any attempt to defeat her nefarious object, or to aid the distressed father in his efforts to save his free child from a life either of Slavery or prostitution, or both. Of all the cases that have ever been brought before the Courts, in which a question of the rights of a coloured person was involved, this of Jane Trainer was the worst; for the child was free by the act of its mistress, the father was a free and a respectable and worthy man, and the woman Cooper was notoriously infamous. Yet public sentiment was, in the main, in favour of wrong, or else unexpressed, nor were the ends of justice gained, in as clear a case as a judge was ever called upon to decide, till a new writ was issued in a neighbouring county, and the parties were brought before a man who did not fear to offend the slaveholding oligarchy by a decision in accordance with common sense, common humanity, and common and statute law.

Had that decision been otherwise, or had the decision of Judge Duer prevailed, without further appeal, there could have been no question as to the ultimate fate of the child Jane. But, fortunately, she was taken out of the hands of the woman Cooper, who, it will be remembered, went to California, and here is the last news of her. We copy the whole story from a California paper, which a friend has sent us, that it may be clearly seen what sort of companionship the child was delivered up to by the decision of Judge Duer, and the exertions of Counsellor Brady in behalf of his friend:

MURDER IN A HOUSE OF PROSTITUTION.—Below we give the particulars of a murder which occurred on Second street of this city, between K and L, yesterday morning, at a house of prostitution kept by Miss Annie Woods. As elicited before the coroner's jury, the facts are substantially as follows: According to the customs prevailing among courtezans, there are times when they select to themselves favourites, over whose conduct and person they profess to exercise exclusive control. A young girl, named Ida Brewer, residing with Rose Cooper, on Third street, has such a man. On Thursday evening it appears that he became forgetful of the obligations due to his paramour, and invited another young girl, named Mary Lee, to a moonlight ride. Returning home, he remained with her during the night. Intelligence of this fact reaching the ears of Ida Brewer, she armed herself with a new and keen-edged bowie-knife, and, in company with a companion named Augusta Dennison, proceeded to the house of Miss Annie Woods, entered in a flurry, threw off her mantilla, and inquired to be shown into the presence of her rival. Mary Lee was pointed out to her, when she approached, and, in vile and obscene language, reproached—accusing her of attempting to get "her man" away from her, and bantering Mary into the street for a fight. These revilings, the testimony showed, were borne in a meek spirit by Mary Lee, who confessed her fault, but promised not to be guilty of it a second time. Some further altercation ensued, when Ida slapped Mary in the face, after which a regular struggle ensued, in which the parties laid hold of each other's hair, until Mary Lee fell against the side of the bed, when Ida drew her bowie-knife and stabbed her, first on the left leg, an inch or two above the cap of the knee, and a second time in the abdomen, about half-way between the navel and the upper part of the thigh bone. The combatants were then separated. Mary Lee was put to bed, expressing a dying request to Annie Woods to write to her mother. She survived the affray but about twenty minutes. She was from the city of New Orleans, and came to this city in May last. A moment or two after the fatal difficulty, officer Cody was on the spot, and took Ida Brewer under arrest. At a subsequent short period of time, he also arrested Augusta Dennison, as an accessory to the crime. A preliminary examination of the criminal was held before the Recorder, during the afternoon, when the criminal was committed to await her trial.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, the novelist, says a morning paper, has written to a friend in this city requesting that he would "find for him on the borders of the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Delaware, or the Ohio, a corner where, surrounded by his chosen friends, he may spend his last days, and die in tranquillity under the sun of liberty." The friend, if he deserves the name, will go at once to the St. Lawrence to find the corner wanted, and advise Dumas, when he seeks his new home, to take passage directly for Quebec. If he comes through 'the States,' he will see the 'sun of liberty' shining on some things which he did not bargain for in seeking tranquillity on this continent; such, for instance, as the distinguished novelist kicked out of railroad cars, turned out of hotels, put on the forward deck of steamboats, into the nigger-pew of the Churches, or into the fourth row of the theatres, perhaps to see a translation of a play of his own acted, or, if he must come to this country, he should be advised to bring his free papers with him, to show that he really is Alexander Dumas, a native of Paris, otherwise he may find himself, some fine morning under our bright sun, in the lock-up at Washington, should he visit the Capitol, advertised as a run-away nigger, and an owner called for "to pay charges and take him away."

LIKENESS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.—We erred in saying that the price of Mr. McRae's life-like picture of Mr. Beecher was $3 50. The purchaser will only have to pay $3. If this further mention of a beautiful work of art shall serve to quicken its sale, we shall be heartily glad. Inquire at 74 Chambers street.

☞ We are requested to publish the following correspondence, by which it will be seen that the Rev. Dr. Pennington, of this city, has been appointed to, and has accepted, the office of President of the Woodstock Manual Labour Institute, in Michigan.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1853.

Rev. J. W. C. PENNINGTON—*Rev. and Dear Sir:* It affords me the greatest pleasure to inform you hereby, that the Board of Trustees, of Woodstock Manual Labour Institute, Michigan, at their last Annual Meeting, held Oct. 19, 1853, duly appointed you President of said Institute.

My strong desire for the prosperity of education among coloured youth, and the conflicting reports concerning this Institute, led me to visit and examine it during the summer, when I found it in a prosperous condition. We beg leave further to say that, in our humble opinion, the great majority of impartial visitors would conclude that Woodstock Institute, for various reasons, affords great advantages to the coloured people of this country, so far as the general education and Christianization of the youth is concerned.

Yours, truly, HENRY M. WILSON.

— As the action of the Board of Trustees of said Institute in relation to you is best expressed by their own language, I therefore append the abstract from the minutes of their proceedings in this matter, which they kindly *transmitted to me*, to wit:

WOODSTOCK MANUAL LABOUR INSTITUTE, MICHIGAN.

To the Rev. HENRY M. WILSON, *of New York—Dear Sir:* Permit me hereby to inform you that the Rev. J. W. C. Pennington, D. D., of your city, was at our last Annual Meeting, held Oct. 19, 1853, duly appointed President of said Institute. A Professorship will be connected with the office, &c. He is expected to locate at the Institute as soon as arrangements can be completed for him to enter upon the work of teaching.

I remain, your brother in Christ,
PRIER FOSTER, Agent.

Rev. HENRY M. WILSON.
November, 12, 1853.

Rev. HENRY M. WILSON, *Pastor of Cottage Place Pres. Church, New York City—Dear Sir:* Yours of the 1st inst. is before me. You inform me that the Trustees of the Woodstock Manual Labour Institute, for the education of coloured persons and others, at their last Annual Meeting, held Oct. 19, 1853, duly appointed me President and Professor of said Institution.

The honour was unsolicited and unexpected. But, after due consideration, and with a full appreciation of the views expressed in your note, I accept of the appointment on the conditions stated in the agent's note; and I shall cordially co-operate with the friends of the Institution for the advancement of its best interests.

Yours, truly, J. W. C. PENNINGTON.
New York, Dec. 5, 1853.

To the Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, New York.
OCTOBER 25th, 1853.

RESPECTED SIR: My ideas at once, perhaps, will show that I am a perfect stranger to the Constitution, spirit and manners of the United States. Aware of my ignorance on this point, I merely submit to your better judgment to do with the inclosed as you may think proper. I should not have troubled you, but not knowing any coloured people to whom it is immediately addressed, I know of no other means of putting it into their hands than through you; that is, should it meet your approbation; and if so, I should wish further, that *themselves make copies of it*, so as to have it read in all their churches or meetings.

I remain, very respected Sir, your very ob't servant,
PETER PRAYS.
209 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

TO THE MINISTERS, ELDERS AND MEMBERS OF THE FREE COLOURED POPULATION OF THE CHURCHES WHICH ARE IN CHRIST JESUS.

Reverend and dearly beloved Brethren:

It is thus in the language of the mother Protestant Church I most affectionately address you.

And having, some thirty years ago, taken an active part in the cause of Emancipation in the British Colonies, I am yet further ambitious to see you raised to eminence and equality with your fellow-men; and, during my short stay among you, am willing to see, as I humbly hope, an open door by which, at once, this point might be gained.

But, then, this great and honourable achievement, in all dependence on God, rests wholly on your own indefatigable exertions—on *the will!* The power to do it, we believe, is already in your own hands—*money* and *intellect*.

And now, whether you choose to be content to remain (for the most part of you) in a state of vassalage and continual drudgery, or whether you will show to the world that you are that intelligent and intellectual race of men which the great advocates for your emancipation vouched for you in the face of the British Parliament, the following is submitted to your very serious consideration.

But before we proceed, let us suppose, for a moment, we are taking a walk down as far as the wharf.

And what is the object which first arrests our attention?

A ship! just towed alongside by a steamer.

What ship is it?

Behold! they are all *coloured men*.

Let us go on board and inquire.

A coloured man—We are from Liberia, Sir, with a freight of gold dust, elephants' teeth, oil and palm wine, ostrich feathers, porcupine quills and some valuable presents and curiosities for the Missionary Society.

We are now politely invited down to the cabin. Having descended to the foot of the ladder, one sings out, Who have you got there, *steward?*

Three or four gentlemen, *Captain*, who would like to have a look at the ship.

The Captain—Show the gentlemen into the cabin.

The *Captain* (a perfect Scottee or Mandingo, black as the ace of spades) rises from his seat, with the Log-book before him, and, as we observed, an open Bible at his elbow—Welcome, gentlemen, on board the *Emulation*—for this was the name of the ship, indicative, as we afterwards learned, of the character of the ship's company, of coloured men to *compete with the whites*.

Strangers—Why, Captain, it appears you have no white men on board.

Captain—No, Sir, not one. Here the Captain explains why the ship was so named.

Stranger—Well, indeed, I can but congratulate you, for this is the *first* ship I ever saw, or heard of, manned entirely with coloured men.

Captain—There is no wonder, then, at your surprise, gentlemen, but I know not whose surprise is, or ought to be, the greatest—*yours* or *ours*. *Yours*, at our presumption, as some would say, in a humble endeavour to compete with the whites (our *brethren*, Shem and Japheth) in the knowledge of the sea and ships and navigation; or *ours*, at YOUR procrastination and backwardness, with all the advantages you have of schools, colleges and a Christian education, amidst a free and enlightened people; that you were not *our* exmaples years ago, having ships of *your own*, trading to all quarters of the globe, officered and manned wholly by *coloured* men! Yes! gentlemen, our very *ship-owners* are coloured men; and I fear it is for want of a praiseworthy ambition, or union amongst your ownselves, that you are not as we are; for where, perhaps, one or two might not well be able to purchase a ship, yet, where there is a right good feeling in churches and associations, a company might soon be formed by subscription or shareholders, to purchase; as the saying is, "*When there is a will, there is a way.*" And thus it is only *Navigation* that is wanted, and which, I understand, is taught by a friend in Philadelphia to all coloured men, free of expense, in a very few weeks, as it has been with us, and so, in all dependance on God, we have been enabled to break the spell or yoke which has held our race in bondage for these four thousand years. And what is the consequence? Do the whites envy us? No, but we are hailed with enthusiasm in every port we enter, and we have been to London, Liverpool and Glasgow, and even here in Philadelphia we are heartily welcomed by some who once affected to despise our colour, but now congratulate us with the right hand of fellowship, and participate with us in the first fruits of a determined resolution, God helping us. Yes, the newspapers are full of us wherever we go.

The white stranger and coloured friends now retire on shore.

White Stranger—Now, gentlemen, assuming this imaginary picture to be a true statement, whether, I ask, would be the greater, your *shame* or *envy?*—your *joy* or *self-reproach?*

And would it not be your first endeavour to redeem the time and follow the example? But it is not too late, and the palm of triumph is yours if you will but now turn the fable into a *reality*—for the picture of the ship just described is your very selves, if it be not your own fault. For sure, gentlemen, the palm of victory in so all-important an endeavour is worth trying for; it is already yours if you will but now exert your energies and lay the case before your people, remembering that *union is strength*; and if so, will it not be your wisdom to call a meeting among yourselves for so all-important a case, which alone can raise you to that equality and eminence which, as before observed, your best friends vouched for your ability to fulfil.

And, as a preliminary step, I now offer you my free and willing services, *free of expense*, to teach your young men *Navigation*; for without this, the one great object could not be obtained, although you possessed the mines of Peru. And as what I have proposed, I believe, has never before been contemplated, either by yourselves or the whites, to *promote you* to dignity and honour with themselves, so this subtle attempt to overcome by a display of your own wisdom will speak louder than any petitions of your own or arguments of the whites for you. It will be literally taking them by storm, as every slave-owner would be constrained to see in your stately ship that in Ham there is as great a right as in Shem and in Japheth.

But you cannot well look for the whites to do this, *to raise you to dignity and honour*. No, no; this would be a work of supererogation in them, a doing too much to set you to lord it over their own people. The Friends did their part, you will admit, and all that was required of them, when, by unceasing labour for forty years, they first succeeded in the abolition, and finally in the emancipation, from Slavery.

It remains, therefore, for you now to fight your own battle and to show to the world that in no one point have you faltered or come behind in that which they vouched for you.

Still, whilst lacking the privileges of free citizens, there is yet wanting that equality which Ham possessed in common with Shem and Japheth; but which alone can be merited by a display, as before hinted, in some of the Arts and Sciences. But in no one instance, I believe, have you come forward in this, even in agricultural pursuits, natural even for the humblest to try his hand at an endeavour to excel in some one point, for I do not remember seeing one instance of your ingenuity either at the Grand Agricultural Exhibition, or the World's Fair.

Visible, indeed, to all but the wilfully blind, does the grace of God shine in many of you as Christians. But what know *Slave-owners* of these things? It is the things of the world only, by which you can test your abilities in their eyes.

And saving the invention of something new, yet undiscovered, I know nothing that would so *soon* raise you to eminence, as that of displaying, for the first time, a stately ship manned with *all* coloured men.

This literally would be a clinching the nail, or, in other words, crowning *practically* what the authoress of Uncle Tom, Buxton, Clarkson, Wilberforce, and a host of other worthies have *theoretically* laboured to accomplish by exposures of the hellish tyranny.

Yes, my dear Sirs, by this one act, you, yourselves, would give such a blow to the beast in the South, in favour of your enslaved brethren, as would claim a kindred and brotherhood in their very masters, who would be constrained to recognise in you, *under a veil*, the very image of Ham, which he possessed as we may suppose, in dignity, grace, form and comliness, with Shem and Japheth on the day the whole family of Noah went in and came out of the Ark, and bowed in humble adoration before the Altar. Yes! *quite as much*, or exactly in proportion as the *whites* now display what we may suppose to be the image of Shem and Japheth in loveliness, temper, brotherly kindness, so in coloured men is seen the image of Ham in his *disposition*; even as the image of God was seen in Adam, not in outward appearance, but in holiness of heart and loveliness of temper.

I have said much, but the purport of the whole may be summed up in few words, and should I be made instrumental of provoking you through the Divine blessing to emulation, you will need no monument raised by others on some immoveable spot; for your ship will be a *floating monument*, and wherever she sails, *will be a witness for you* among all nations, that Ham has a right and title to equality, and is worthy with Shem and Japheth of all the right and privileges of man.

The Holy Spirit, we think, showed this when he told Philip to join himself to the *Ethiopian's* chariot whilst reading the prophecy of Isaiah.

And much might be said of Shem and Japheth to prove that in their generations they were instruments of cruelty and barbarity, who, in compassion towards a brother's folly and infirmities, were bound to make his burthen as light as possible, knowing themselves to be but men, but whilst they knew this, *made themselves monsters*, by inflicting what God never commanded.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

From November 1st, to December 1st, 1853.

702	Miss Isabella Richardson, Macedon Centre, New York,	$2 00
752	Free Democratic League, N. Y. City,	2 00
675	D. P. Livermore, Weymouth, Mass,	2 00
729	Dyer Hughes, Hampton, Ct,	2 00
752	Henry Funston, Funstonville, Pa.,	2 00
752	Wm. Nesmith, Paterson, N. J.,	2 00
752	Wm. Roger, " "	2 00
752	David Vanderhoof, " "	2 00
752	James Ackerman, " "	2 00
752	Timothy Holmes, " "	2 00
728	Wm. A. Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y,	6 00
726	Dr. Hallock, N. Y. City,	2 00
780	Daniel F. Child, Boston, Mass.,	4 00
728	Mrs. Mary Cushing, Dorchester, Mass.,	2 00
726	Geo. P. Bradford, Brookline, "	1 00
702	Thos. P. Nichols, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	1 00
728	Rufus Reynolds, Harrison, "	2 00
728	Joseph Post, North Hempstead, L. I.,	2 00
703	F. W. Bird, East Walpole, Mass,	2 00
749	Mrs. M. Butman, Worcester, "	2 00
698	Enos Soule, Savannah, N. Y.,	2 00
728	Tappan Townsend, New York City,	1 00
701	Johnson Rideout, Bath, Me.,	5 00
731	Hannah Thomas, Galesville, N. Y.,	3 00
728	Wm. M. Everitt, Malden,	4 00
740	Frederick A. Ware, Franklin, Mass.,	2 00
728	Nathan Winslow, Portland, Me,	11 00
702	C. Moses, Marcellus, N. Y.,	1 00
884	Benj. Bown, Salem, O.,	4 00
736	Dr. A. Brooke, Oakland, O.,	2 00
740	Abel Fletcher, Masillon, "	2 00
	Stephen Albro, Honeoye, N. Y.	2 00
728	Joseph Pierce, Pleasantville, N. Y.	2 00
		$82 00

DONATIONS.

Thomas P. Nichols, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	$1 00
Wm. Harris, " "	0 50

Collections by Sallie Holley.

Sullivan, Ohio,		7 52
Adrian,	Michigan, (over expenses)	9 25
Tecumseh,	"	3 90
Wolf Creek,	"	3 50
Jonesville,	"	8 67
Sturgis Prairie,	"	4 00
Battle Creek,	"	17 40
Kalamazoo,	"	8 31
Grand Prairie,	"	6 00
Detroit,	" (over expenses)	32 50
Monroe,	"	18 83
Donation by a friend,	"	1 00
Austinburg, Ohio,	"	6 40
		$118 78

DIED.

HATHAWAY.—At Scriber, Oswego County, New York, on the 18th of October, John Hathaway, for many years a devoted friend of the Anti-Slavery Cause.

Miscellaneous Department.

TAKING STOCK.

Taking stock is a phrase which has a peculiar business-meaning. I am not a business man myself, and have not any precise notion of the operation which that phrase designates, except that periodically it involves a general taking down of goods in shops and warehouses, a general confusion in bales and packages, and an immense amount of bustle and work among clerks, porters, and such like people; the object being to see what is available, and strike a balance of profit and loss.

Though I do not know much about it, as I dare say will be apparent to those whose paths lie along the track of Commerce, I have taken hold of the phrase as a very expressive one, and apply it in a way of my own. I know plenty of people who never had a business transaction in their lives, and yet are constantly occupied in taking stock. In these cases, however, the estimates they make are not of their own property, but of the property of their friends, neighbours, and acquaintances, etc. I purpose to give a few instances of the social phase of stock-taking, for the information of my readers.

Mrs. Ferrett, old Ferrett's widow, who was a Miss Weasel, is one of the greatest stock-takers of my acquaintance. I call in on her sometimes, to hear how the old lady is getting on, and what she has to say of other folk—in fact to take stock of her, and to get an insight into her stock-takings of other people; and this is the sort of information I usually gain at such visits. Mrs. Ferrett has been to see Mrs. Wellbred. I recollect the Wellbreds, of course, that used to live at Oldington House in such grand style, I recollect the tall footman they used to keep, and the fat coachman, and the sleek horses of the heavy old carriage, with all the arms and quarterings of the Wellbreds upon the panels. Well, Mrs. Ferrett has found a great difference in the Wellbreds; and she tells me all about it. I had heard that the Wellbreds had removed from Oldington House to Newstone Cottage. The reason was, that the old place was damp, and that Mrs. Wellbred's health required a change. That might impose on the world at large, but it did not impose upon Mrs. Ferrett. She is not accustomed to take anything upon trust—she takes stock for herself always. Besides, she has had her suspicions (I know she has, she remarks to me) for some time. She has noticed lately at Oldington House that things were getting rather shabbier than they used to be. It did not escape her eyes that the carpet in the dining-room had been turned what ladies call "sides into middle" to get the worn places out of sight and into corners. It did not deceive her when they put that gauzy yellow stuff over the gilt frames, to keep them from getting dirty, indeed—to hide the specks and spots on them, that was nearer the truth. She got at the secret, too, of those covers over the chairs in the parlor; she turned one of the covers up one day, when she was left alone there for five minutes, and made certain they were put on to hide the shabbiness of the seats. She had missed some of the plate, too, that used to glisten upon the table. She heard the French cook had been discharged, because he was saucy, she knew better than that—it was because he was too expensive. She drew her own conclusions when she saw the liveries worn longer than they used to be; and she gathered confirmation for her ideas when she detected the fact that Mrs. Wellbred's gown was a dyed silk, and her new bonnet—she always used to wear such good bonnets—a cheap one. In fact, Mrs. Ferrett had, for many years, kept a regular Dr. and Cr. stock account of everything at Oldington House, and her conclusions were, that the Wellbreds were going down in the world. She had long been on the look-out for some decided change, indeed; and when she heard of the removal, she was sure it had come, and she was right. She had been to see for herself, and it was just as she expected. There were the old looking-glasses, with the frames newly gauzed; the old chairs, with fresh covers; the old, turned "sides into middle" carpets, cut to the smaller rooms of Newstone Cottage, so as to conceal their defects. The tall footman had given way to a small page, who did not eat so much, of course, nor want such high wages, nor cost so much to clothe; and the sleek horses and stately old family carriage were exchanged for a pony and four-wheeled chaise, which Mrs. Wellbred could drive herself, and to save the coachman. In short, Mrs. Ferrett had taken a complete stock-account of the new place, and she pitied the poor Wellbreds—that she did.

Very different was her account of her call upon Mrs. Worsted. I recollected the Worsteds, of course. Why, old Tom Worsted was hardly better than a day-labourer when she first knew him. She remembered when he used to wear patched shoes, and his wife used to sit in her old shabby cotton gown, mending his torn coat, and darning his well-worn trousers. When they lived in that little place down the lane—I knew where it was—they had hardly any furniture to speak of. Why, they had wooden-bottom chairs, and a deal table with painted legs and an oilskin cover, in the sitting-room; and there best room was a make-shift sort of place, with common drugget, and a Pembroke table, on rickety legs, and crazy old chairs, and washed-out chintz curtains. Well, it was very different now, she could tell me. She did not know how some people get on she did not understand it at all herself, but the Worsteds had gone up in the world, that was certain. They had got into a new house in the square—a very different place to that in the lane—very respectable—in fact, quite a superior residence; and it had been furnished, spick and span new, from top to bottom. She had been all over it, and did not see a scrap of the old things. Such carpets!—real Turkey; such pier-glasses!—you could see your whole length in them; and they had no gauze on the bright frames, either; such tables!—she wondered old Worsted was not afraid to eat off them; and as for the chairs, she could not trust herself to say how much they cost. "Really, now—really" (the old lady summed up this account with), "it's quite astonishing to me how they have managed it."

If I sat three or four hours, the old lady would entertain me with histories from her stock-taking book; but then the worst of it is—and that makes me feel rather uncomfortable—you cannot help having a misgiving that she is taking stock of you all the while. She has rubbed up her spectacles for the purpose, and, while her quick old tongue rattles on, her sharp old eyes are employed in taking an inventory. I always expect that when she next goes to see Mrs. Wellbred or Mrs. Worsted, while she is gathering fresh materials, she will be telling them how old Wagtail called on her the other day, and she was quite sorry for him, poor old man. His coat looked nearly out at the elbows, and his shirt collar was ragged, and his boots had been mended in two or three places, and his gloves were really quite disgraceful, and he put his hat on the ground, so that she should not notice it; but she did, and it was as shabby as possible. He used to be so very particular, that she is sure things must be wrong with him. It may be very well to hear such stock-takings of your neighbours, but one must confess that it mars the pleasure, if we feel disagreeably sensible that our own inventories are being made out at the same time, for the edification of other people.

Though I have put Mr. Ferrett forward as a prominent instance of the sort of people who "take stock," the practice is not confined to old ladies like her. I know some young ones who are quite adepts at it. I don't care so much personally about the young ones doing it, because, of course, they would hardly trouble their heads about such an old fellow as I am; so I can look on and listen without any uncomfortable sense of danger to myself. There is Miss Meek, now, she is my type of young ladies who "take stock." To see her when she is out, you would not think she took notice of anything, or that she was capable of making fun of anybody. But she is a sly puss, is Martha Meek, as you would know as well as I do, if you were an intimate of the Meek's family circle. You should see her when she comes home at night from the little dance at Mrs. Caper's where she has been spending the evening. How she shakes off her calm, reserved manner with her shawl, and throws her shyness on the side-table with her bonnet. How she mimics young Spinks (who has been lisping pretty things to her whenever he had an opportunity), till old Meek nearly tumbles out of his chair with laughter; and gives a practical imitation of how Miss Horsley sung, to the great delight of Mrs. Meek. And how she reckons up all items of the entertainment—guages the weakness of the lemonade—enlarges on the scantiness of the sandwiches and biscuits—criticises the performance of the band engaged by Mrs. Caper, which she verily believes was only one of those horrid common street-bands picked up for the occasion—and generally paints Mrs. Caper's entertainment in the dingiest colours. If you had heard all this as I have, and if you had any genius for stock-taking yourself you would understand quiet young ladies like Miss Martha Meek, who take stock of their friends for home entertainment.

It would be unjust, however, to the ladies to suppose that they enjoy a monopoly of stock-taking. Though I am an old bachelor, I am not a crusty, woman-hating one, thank Heaven. I do not think that the stock-taking of the softer sex is half so selfish as that of us male creatures. They do it partly because they have nothing else to do, and are driven to it for occupation. They follow it out because it furnishes materials for gossip, and they must have something to talk about; but we do it, I am afraid, with more sordid views. For instance, didn't I see Goldly, the other day meet Copperfield in the street; and, knowing someting about Goldly and Copperfield, didn't I stand up in the doorway, and take stock of their meeting? I remember the time before Goldly went out to South America, and made that lucky "spec" in hides and tallow, or something of that sort, when he was glad to share Copperfield's dinner, and borrow a pound of Copperfield now and then, and take advantage of Copperfield's spare bed, and Copperfield's breakfast for a week together. But there had been changes since then. They had not met for many years, and in the meantime Goldly had grown rich, and Copperfield, who never had much to spare, had grown poorer. Do you think I did not notice how Goldly ran his eye down the seams of Copperfield's clothes, and to the toes of his boots? Do you suppose I do not understand the question, as to where Copperfield lived now? and how he was getting on? Do you suppose I did not translate Goldly's "Well, good-bye, old fellow; I shall meet you again some day, I dare say," into "Ah, Mr. Copperfield, I have taken stock of you, and I don't care about cultivating your acquaintance." If the reader think I did not, he does not give Walter Wagtail the credit for stock-taking skill which he deserves.

I could give a good many more instances of male stock-taking, but they are mostly of the Goldly sort, and as the reader may judge from the sample, not very attractive, except to the cynical portion of humanity. So I leave off here. Perhaps, some day, when I am in bad temper, and get a spiteful point to my pen, I may pursue the subject. Till then I will go on like the rest of the world, taking stock of others, and being taken stock of myself, towards that great stock-taking, where the items will all be correct, and the balance rightly adjusted.—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

THE PRINTING PRESS.

The Printing Press, there is mighty power
  In the flap of its iron wing;
It finds its way to the peasant's bower,
  And the palace of the king.
It scatters the germs of death, or life,
  Like dew drops over the land;
And soothes to peace or wakes to strife,
  As with a talismanic wand.

What glorious things achieved have been
  By a free and fearless press,
Telling earth's crushed ones how and when
  For their wrongs to seek redress—
Rich treasures from mines of mystic lore,
  'Mong the nations hath it spread;
And tomes of science, sealed of yore,
  To the millions open made.

What a waking up of slumbering mind
  From the glimmering, dreamy past,
Has the press achieved, to bless mankind,
  Since the twilight days of Faust?
The flashings of mind on mind have thro'
  Its opening portals rushed,
Till powers unparallel'd and new
  Like floods o'er the world have gush'd.

It shakes the curtain of olden time,
  Behind which the Genii hide,
And the imps away to a darker clime,
  Like snow in a sunshine, slide.
With usages old, and gray, and stark,
  It grapples and down they fall,
As Dagon fell down before the Ark
  Of the God of Israel.

O, the Press hath its sweet and bitter rills,
  For missions of good or ill—
It warms to life or it blights and kills,
  At the operator's will.
It stamps the leaves with words, whose death
  Like a burning lava flows—
Or, a health, reviving, balmy breath,
  Thro' the lettered page it flows.

The Printing Press hath a potent power;
  To judgment the Judge it brings;
It scorns and rebukes, and triumphs o'er,
  The pride and the pomp of kings,
The tyrant shrinks from the withering ire
  Of its thousand, thousand tongues;
As it pours the volumes of its scorching fire
  From its tireless iron lungs.

The sword, to which tottering despots cling,
  Shall be shivered by the press,
That sways in his royal robes the king,
  The boor in his homespun dress.
There is might to loose—there is might to bind,
  In the touch of its magic rod—
And it moves on the mass of the human mind,
  With the powers of a demi-god.

The lady fair, through the stilly hours
  Of the softly waning night,
Is tranced by the fascinating powers
  In its tales of love and light.
The studious youth the midnight oil
  Spends o'er its lessons sage;
And the hoary man, tho' bowed with toil,
  Cons over the mystic page.

O, the mammoth modern Printing Press,
  It can bend a nation's will;
Awaken to ire, or rage suppress,
  With the tricklings of a quill.
Commissioned with burning, truthful words,
  From a powerful, caustic pen,
'Twill turn the edge of a thousand swords—
  Beard the lion in his den.

Then it battles bravely to secure
  Man's equal rights to man;
It scares the oppressors of the poor,
  With its fearless, withering ban.
O, soon may its undivided powers,
  With resistless moral might,
Shed on the thirsty nations showers
  Of truth, and love, and light.

That war, with blood red fangs, may gloat
  O'er heaps of slain no more;
Not through the cannon's sulpherous throat
  Send forth its thundering roar.
That hushed, the clash of arms may cease,
  Around a blood-stained world;
That men may everywhere in peace
  See Freedom's flag unfurled.

O, the Printing Press, when men of worth
  Shall all its powers control,
Like streams in desert shall break forth,
  Men's noblest power of soul;
And vice, with all her haggard train,
  Ashamed shall hide the head,
And Eden-like o'er earth again
  Primeval bliss will spread.

Then ho! for a free, unshackled Press,
  With its thunderbolts to bear,
On the bulwarks of unrighteousness,
  And oppression everywhere.
Till men shall freely fraternize,
  And hallowed offerings bring,
To welcome, from the upper skies,
  Their everlasting king.

—*Fall River Monitor.*

ÆSOP—NOT A HUNCHBACK.

[From proof sheets of "Classic and Historic Portraits," by James Bruce; (*Literary World.*)

There are certain great persons in history regarding whom the traditions of fable and poetry, and the assertions of plain falsehood, have triumphed in the vulgar belief of ages over the most authentic records and the most complete evidence. That Homer was a beggar; that Belisarius became both blind and a beggar; that Shakspeare had no classical learning; and that Æsop, the fabulist, was a dwarf, with a hump on his back, are at this moment historical facts with, perhaps, ninety-nine out of a hundred who have heard of these illustrious men.

The name of Æsop is amongst the most renowned that have come down from antiquity. His era is some time about five or six hundred years before Christ. He stands somewhere between Homer and the great age of Grecian literature. The story of his deformity is of comparatively modern origin, even if the broad assertion of Bently, who holds that it was first sent forth to the world by Planudes, a Byzantine monk of the fourteenth century, should be found to be untenable.

Of Planudes, Bently says, with characteristic politeness, "that idiot of a monk has given us a book which he calls 'the Life of Æsop,' that perhaps cannot be matched in any language for ignorance and nonsense." It is somewhat curious to find Bently resenting more warmly than he does all the other fictions in the monk's work the unfavourable representation which it gives of Æsop's person. "But of all his injuries to Æsop, that which can least be forgiven him, is making such a monster of him for ugliness; an abuse that has found credit so universally, that all the modern painters since the time of Planudes have drawn him in the worst shapes and features that fancy could invent. It was an old tradition amongst the Greeks that Æsop revived again and lived a second life. Should he revive once more, and see the picture before the book that carries his name, could he think it drawn for himself or for the monkey, or some strange beast introduced to his fables?"

Since the time of Planudes, a thousand authorities have copied his description; and there is not a pictured edition of Æsop, or Phædrus, or Fontaine, which does not help to sanction and sanctify the belief. Yet the critical inquirer must reject the tale. "What revelation," asks Bentley, "had this monk about Æsop's deformity? For he must learn it by dream and vision, and not by ordinary methods of knowledge. He lived about two thousands years after him; and in all that tract of time there's not one single author that has given the least hint that Æsop was ugly."

It is said, that the remark is founded on a generous feeling amongst mankind, that when once we begin to think that the devil is not so very black as the vulgar represent him to be, we never stop till we make him as fair as an angel. In this spirit, Bentley is not content with showing that the popular notion about the deformity and ugliness of Æsop is unfounded, but adduces arguments to make us believe that he was really beautiful; and his arguments are well arranged, and not without weight. He tells us that in Plutarch's "Convivium:" Our Æsop is one of the guests, with Solon, and the other sages of Greece; there is abundance of jest and raillery there among them, and *particularly upon Æsop*; but nobody drolls upon his ugly face, which could hardly have escaped had he had such a bad one. Perhaps you'll say it had been rude and indecent to touch upon a natural imperfection. Not at all, if it had been done softly and jocosely. In Plato's "Feast," they are very merry upon Socrates' face, that resembled old Silenus; and in this they twit Æsop for having been a slave, which was no more his fault than deformity would have been. Philostratus has given us, in two books, a description of a gallery of pictures; one of which is Æsop, with a chorus of animals about him. There he is represented *smiling, and looking towards the ground in a posture of thought;* but not a word of his deformity, which, were it true, must needs have been touched on in an account of a picture."

This is really ingenious, and in a great degree as solid as it is ingenious. But there is still more in this line of argument in which Bently has displayed great ability. He alludes to the statue which Phædrus tells us was erected by the Athenians of Æsop, and adds: "But had he been such a monster as Planudes has made of him, a statue has been no better than a monument of his ugliness; it had been kinder to his memory to have let that alone. But the famous Lysippus was the statuary that made it. And must so great a hand be employed to dress up a lump of deformity?" Bently next refers to the epigram of Agathias upon this statue, and asks: "How could he, too, have omitted to speak of it, had his ugliness been so notorious? The Greeks have several proverbs about persons deformed. Our Æsop, if so very ugly, had been in the first rank of them; especially when his statue had stood there to put everybody in mind of it." The conclusion of Bentley's argument is admirable. "But I wish," he says, "I could do that justice to the memory of our Phrygian to oblige the painters to change their pencil. For it is certain he was no deformed person, and it is probable he was very handsome. For whether he was a Phrygian, or, as others say, a Thracian, he must have been sold into Samos by a trader in slaves. And it is well known that that sort of people commonly bought up the most beautiful they could light on, because they would yield the most profit. And there is mention of the two slaves, fellow-servants together, Æsop and Rhodopis, a woman; and if we may guess him by his companion and *contubernalis*, we must needs believe him a comely person. Few that Rhodopis was the greatest beauty of all her age, and even a proverb arose in memory of it: Απανθ' ὁμοια, και 'Ροδωπις ἡ καλη."

Upon the whole, Bentley has been successful in relieving Æsop of the hump which the almost unanimous voice of mankind in modern days had fixed on his back, and the evidence brought to prove that he was really handsome is certainly respectable.

From the time that the ugliness of Æsop was asserted in the romance of Planudes, till Bentley attacked and demolished the credibility of the story, the belief that Æsop was a deformed dwarf appears to have been universal, even among the learned. Lord Bacon makes use of this belief in his "Essay on Deformity." The author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy" also assumes it as a fact. Ritserhusius, in his Commentary on Phædrus's Fables, while his attention must have been called to the history of Æsop, in noticing the line where Ahædrus says he has known many excellent persons with ugly faces (*et turpi facie multos cognovi optimos*), gives Æsop as his first instance of a good man with a deformed person. Bayle, who takes every opportunity of extolling the gifts of the mind over those of the body tells us that intellect is able to overcome, in the eyes of beauty, the ill effects of ugliness. "Æsop," he says, "the most ugly of men, nevertheless, touched the heart of Rhodope."

It is somewhat remarkable that the old Scottish poet, Robert Henrysoun, writing between 1500 and 1508, in his Prologue to his Fables, which are full of poetical beauty, represents Æsop appearing to him in a dream—not as a little hunchback, but as "the fairest man that he had ever seen," and of stature large.

It may be worth mentioning, that Dr. Bloomfield (in the "Museum Criticum") asserts that the life of Æsop, attributed to Planudes, is more ancient than his time. But what is more to the purpose, as proving that Bentley is so far wrong, though substantially in the right, is this: the Rev. Mr. Dyce, in his annotations on Bentley's works, quotes Huschke, a German critic, as referring to a passage in the orations of Himerius, a writer of the the fourth century, in which Æsop is spoken of as ugly. Himerius thus becomes an authority upon the question of ugliness, standing midway between Æsop and Planudes, and reducing the wide waste of two thousand years to one thousand. But the evidence adduced by Bentley, that Æsop was not ugly, is still, I think, nearly conclusive.

The notion that Æsop was ill-favoured and deformed, may have originated in the vulger belief in the wisdom of hunchbacks and crooked persons; a belief which is prevalent amongst those persons themselves, affording them more than solace for their ungainly exterior. Lord Bacon is perhaps not far wrong when he says that "all deformed persons are bold. First, as in their own defence, as being exposed to scorn; but in process of time by a general habit. Also it stirreth in them industry, and especially of this kind, to watch and observe the weakness of others, that they may have somewhat to repay."

The renown af Æsop has been such as might satisfy any ambition. The Athenians, we have seen, erected a public statue in his honour. Socrates versified some of his Fables, while lying in a prison awaiting the executioner. Luther held these apologues to be next in value to the New Testament. And the children in all civilised countries at this day seek pleasure and wisdom in them.

LITERATURE, ART, &c., IN LONDON.

In literature, the chief fact of moment engaging the attention of literary men is the acceptance by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton of the munificent offer of Mr. Routledge of two thousand a year for the monopoly of his works for the next ten years. At first sight, the tender and the acceptance seem equally remarkable. Mr. Routledge is a young publisher, apparently without any extravagant source of wealth; Sir Edward is an old author, and a landed gentleman. Nor is this the worst position in which the case may be put. Many of Bulwer's works have been already published in a cheap form. The market has, therefore, in some measure been supplied. But then on the other hand, it is asked (and with great reason) surely Mr. Routledge knows what he is about? He has had ample experience among cheap purchasers. As education spreads, readers increase—purchasers increase.—Every ragged school is supplying fresh buyers of books, at the rates that will best suit their pockets. What writer of fiction now alive—Mr. Dickens excepted—has been a more successful author than Sir Edward Bulwer? He has held, and still continues to hold, the public ear. His latest novels, in the eyes of some critics of repute, have been his best. No one, in our day, has written better story-telling five-act pieces for the stage. We believe, Mr. Routledge, that you have made a good investment of your money; yet we do not see, however, in your scheme, what Johnson saw in Thrales' brewery—"the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

The thirst for knowledge and the love of letters is not only taking a cheap, but also—apparently, at least—a costly turn. As a love of books increases, a love for the best authors assumes the proper shape of having those authors in the best editions, and with the greatest luxury of type and paper (accuracy, above all, including), commensurate with size and price. We do not want folios and quartos now—but there is a very proper desire prevalent, both in England in America, for the possession of what are called library editions of our best authors; that is, editions in large octavo size. To such an extent has this desire run that the best existing library editions of our best authors are realising extravagant prices. Have you a desire to possess a good copy of Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift, in the second edition, you must dip into your pocket to the extent of fifteen guineas. A like sum will hardly procure you a good copy of Scott's Dryden. The library edition of Goldsmith, published in 1837, in four volumes, octavo, sells—when it can be obtained—for something like four guineas and-a-half. Hurd's edition of Addison, accounted the best edition of our great essayist, is not to be bought. To use the language of Manchester, you may "give your order, but the article cannot be had." The work is in demand, and out of print. We know, then, to what prices articles will run, when people who *will* have a thing contend with those who want chiefly be cause it is scarce.

To meet this demand for library editions, at reasonable prices, of the best authors, Mr. Murray is about to issue a series of reprints of some of our best and most-wanted English Classics. He is to give us Scott's editions of Swift and Dryden, with corrections and much new matter, at one half the present price.

A third revolution in literature is announced by Mr. Bently. We are no longer to have guinea-and-a-half novels. All that Mr. Bently will ask for will be the half-guinea. He will leave the former guinea attendant on the half-guinea in his customers' pockets to buy two more novels of him. For your guinea and a half he will give you nine volumes instead of three. The mercantile success of his announcement is much questioned. His reduction, it is urged, is rather a gift to the circulating library keepers than to the public. Will Mr. Bently, it is asked, increase by this reduction of price the number of library keepers? Will Mr. Mudie where he took two thousand copies of a novel, take six thousand? Will the number of circulating libraries increase at Leamington and Cheltenham, at Margate and at Gravesend? Will Ball's-pond have a circulating library of its own for the first time? and will Mr. Peabody, who sells so many things on the Sands at —— add the half-guinea novel to his library at once, and not wait, as before, for Mr. Hookham's remainder? Above all, will the gentleman purchasers outright of novels—people who buy to *read*, and not to *lend*—increase to any sensible degree?

The new numbers of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* are just out. The *Quarterly* is an excellent number; and if it will only maintain its present excellence, the proprietor will have no occasion to regret (friendship forgotten) the temporary loss of Mr. Lockhart, its ostensible writer. The present editor is the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, the writer, it is understood, of the admirable article on Wordsworth, published about a year ago. The selection of subjects for the present number is understood to be wholly his, and it must be admitted that he has catered with great care and skill.

The *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh* have each an article on Haydon's life. That in the *Quarterly* is understood to be by Mr. John Wilson Croker, that in the *Edinburgh* is said to be by Mrs Jameson. They are unlike in treatment. An after-dinner remark which we heard made about them, we take to be true, that Mr. Croker shows more knowledge of human nature, Mrs. Jameson more knowledge of art. Both critics agree that Mr. Tom Taylor has done his editorial portion of the work with great good judgment. He had, it is true, not much to do—but that little he has done well. We have had some recent instances of gross editorial neglect, when there was still less to do than was required of Mr. Taylor. The Whigs assert that Mr. Taylor is praised by Mr. Croker, to make his sarcastic cutting up of Lord John Russell, in the former number, all the more severe.

A shilling *brochure* for the railway, called "The Guillotine," just published, has formed the subject of conversation in literary and political circles. The writer is Mr. Wilson Croker, and the work itself is an enlarged and revised reprint of an article of its author, printed some three years ago in the *Quarterly Review*. The revision, however, has not excluded some bitter remarks on the omissions of Sir Archibald Alison, in his famous History. This, it is said, is to be lamented, inasmuch as the omissions so properly pointed out when the article first appeared have been supplied by Sir Archibald, in all subsequent editions. The reasons for the retention are self-evident. Sir Archibald is accused of stepping out of his way to defend Mr. Macaulay against Mr. Croker; and Mr. Croker, his friends assert, is countenanced in the retention of his early charges by the example of Mr. Macaulay himself, who, in his Essays, has reprinted all his censures in Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell, though many of those censures he cannot but feel are no longer just. These nursings of literary wrath are much to be lamented.

The National Gallery of Pictures has lost an intended gift, and art a patron, during the present week. Lord Onslow has revoked the bequest he is said to have made of his pictures to the nation; and Mr. C. Baring Wall, the well-known collector, died on the 14th inst. Lord Onslow's withdrawal is in consequence, it is alleged, of the very unsatisfactory nature of the recent report of the Select Committee on the National Gallery. A poor reason, in our opinion; if his Lorship was at any time serious in his intention, it was easy for Lord Onslow to have attached to his bequest certain stipulations which would have protected his munificence from all chance of injury by at least overdone cleaning. The importance of the collection is much overrated in the paragrah which proclaims the withdrawal of the bequest. It is not by any means an important collection; though we must admit that we speak from distant recollection, which his Lordship has not, however, allowed us to strengthen, by imitating the example set him by his brother Peers and by the late Mr. Baring Wall, of lending some of his treasures to the yearly Exhibitions of the Old Masters at the British Institution. Mr. Wall was most liberal in allowing his treasures to be seen. His house in Berkeley square is a choice example of the skill of its architect, William Kent.

In science we hear that Professor Jameson has resigned the Professorship of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, and that among the many candidates for the vacant chair, Professor Forbes is the prime favourite. Professor Forbes will be a great ornament to Edinburgh circles, and a real loss to science in London.—*London Illustrated News.*

PANSIES.... For the Standard.

Sombre my favourite in this velvet pall,
  Yet still it keeps an eye of golden light—
Like to that central ray that shines for all,
  When Death enrobes the spirit in his night.

Dark, but not sullen, is his aspect, when
  The Heart's-ease is an emblem—which
Hath its hues varying for varied men—
  Pale unto some—to others passing rich.

Of all sweet floral gifts none charms me now
  In this late autumn of my life and lyre—
Not e'en the sweet-briar fading on my brow—
  Like this dark Heart's-ease with its eye of fire.

Oct. 23d, 1853. A. P. C.

DICKENS: THE BLEAK HOUSE.

We remember once travelling a long day's journey in a railroad car beside a very original and bright-minded matron. She seemed to know everything, and she was quite ready to talk on everything she knew. If a sailor said something about his voyage, she understood the management of a ship, the art of navigation, and all the particulars of geography. The conductor found her posted up in the mysteries of curves and levels; and a director, who was in the car, discovered that she was deep in the science of finance. With a young mother she was at home in the article of babies; with a schoolmistress she discussed the subject of female education; with a woman's-rightser she was potent on woman's wrongs; she argued theology with a clergyman; she puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer on Blackstone and the constitution; she floored a politician, and covered him with the wreck of the Baltimore platform. We were cautious and talked with her only on metaphysics. She did not like Kant; she thought that he made an absurd distinction between the *object* and the *subject*, and the ignorant, she maintained, will continue long to do so; when they become better informed, they will put the *subject* into the *object*, and the *object* into the *subject;* but when they achieve the enlightenment of absolute cognition, they will then comprehend the great fact, that there is neither *object* nor *subject*. We asked her what she thought of Mr. Emerson. "Oh! Ralph Waldo," said she, "I rejoiced in for a time—he was very tolerable for his day, but I have outgrown him. He answered well enough for my opening studies, and was guide sufficient for the struggles of my weakness, but to my mature powers he is superficial—to my enlarged experiences he is common-place. He *accepts the universe—I criticise it*. I read his little books occasionally still; but as to any intimate communion, I have long ago shaken hands with him."

Now, lately, this we thought was our own position with Mr. Dickens. We laughed until we were sick at his Pickwicks, Wellers, and Tootses; then we cried ourselves well again at the deaths of his little Nells and his little Pauls; and when we had got fairly back to our balance, and to keep ourselves even, had the hands of our understanding stiff in the pocket of our sensibilities—the right hand of common sense strong down in the pocket of sympathy, and the left hand of care still firmer in the pocket of comicality—who should come in upon us but Mr. Miccawber—we lent him half-a-dollar; listened to Mrs. Miccawber's account of her family; frolicked with *the twins;* took a jorum of whiskey punch; and after we had left them, swore a solemn oath, on a tattered volume of Captain Maryatt, that we would have no more to do with the tribe of Dickens. We had been faithful to, our registered vow until some one put the "Bleak House" in our way. Perhaps it was the "gentleman in black" did this; but it was the ruin of our sacred vow. We dandled the book at first—we looked at the letters on the back—we opened it—we squinted at the frontispiece—we read the title-page—we deliberated—and we were lost. We glanced over the first chapter—we were drawn into the second—we could not get out of the third—and so it was, to the blank at the close of the last.

Having been carried through the book in this felonious and forcible manner, we are in no state to criticise it. We, too, *accept* the universe, and we *accept* the "Bleak House." It is all we can do in either case; and in either case, criticism would be equally useless. Both are alike incomprehensible; and both, too, are, in their way, delightful. We do not reject the universe because we cannot understand it, and neither do we reject the "Bleak House." We do not wait to enjoy life until we have proved it harmonious and consistent, and so we do not refuse to enjoy the "Bleak House."

Some one has said, there is Human nature—and there is French nature. We may say with more truth, "there is Human nature—and there is Dickens-nature." Man Dickens does not know, in the ample order of his being. Men he does not know in the completeness of their personality. But he has much knowledge of things in man, and a wonderfully observant sagacity of peculiarities in men. His mind and his memory abound with *hints*, which are pregnant and pungent, but still they are only hints. He does not paint, but indicate—and his characters do not act, but *suggest*, their natures. He would be only a caricaturist but for his inherent love of truth and his deep sympathy; but still the natural caricaturist is ever on the surface; his very love of truth and his sympathy often make the departures from nature more apparent—his exaggerations the more outrageous. He is like an artist who should take the faces of men upon his thumb-nail and give them with numberless profusion in his compositions, but each would be only marked by its distinctive feature, while most of the face which modified it would be omitted. The result would not be wholly untrue, but it would be grotesque; and when the painter was serious, the pathos would often be as intense as the comicry. So it is with Dickens. Dickens has no high-reaching reason, but a keen, practical understanding; and thus he does not take great subjects in their *wholeness*, but his discernment of *parts* is clear and powerful. Dickens has no grandeur of imagination all-compact, but he has observance that for fineness is like a microscope, and that for energy is like a burning-glass. He has feelings that seem to *live* at every pore—feelings that seem to touch the humanity which is outside him and around him from every point of his life, and to bring it into contact with every sensation of his being. He has a fancy that is rich to measureless abundance, and flows throughout his genius with sunlight or with gloom, with the gladness of the *heart* or with its sadness. *Heart* is never absent from anything that Dickens writes—it warms his humour, it softens his wit—it makes the tears genuine which his pathos draws; and but for this same *heart*, much of his seriousness would be maudlin, and some of his satire would be revolting. But there is also an element of wildness and fantasy in the genius of Dickens. It is, perhaps, the most marked element in his genius; and if we were to write an elaborate criticism on him, we could show its pervading influences in his works. This idea would open many views into the deeper portions of his mind and of his writings which common readers may not have taken. There is nothing which Dickens pictures, when Dickens is most himself, which has not a weird air about it. If Dickens had lived earlier, and lived in the country, his genius would have revelled in tangled forests and in enchanted gardens; and giants, dwarfs, gnomes, goblins, ghosts, and fairies, would have been his leading personages. As it is, he has made London—practical, mechanical London—money-getting and money-spending London—London in the nineteenth century—almost as mystical and as strange as anything we read of in mythic lore.

These general and very fragmentary observations are intensely exemplified in the "Bleak House." It is full of wild and queer Idealism. It is full of fantastic effects. It has great elements of interest in it, and yet it is a succession of inconsistencies and of exaggerations. There would be no use here to particularize; those who have not read the book would not understand us, and we have no fear that those who have read it will mistake us. And yet, if space of newspaper columns allowed, we should like to renew our own delight in conversing with our readers on the several strange and queer characters with whom we and they have made acquaintance. We will, however, say that, as one may, according to Solomon, be "righteous overmuch," we think Mr Jarndyce "amicable overmuch;" and as to Miss Esther Summerson, we think she is "*all molasses.*" We have a leaning toward poor Miss Flite—Snagsby we relish very much, indeed; and we think his dose of "half-a-crown" was not a bad administration to misfortune. Lady Dedlock we do not understand—her maid "Hortense" is still more inscrutable—most incomprehensible of all is that old lawyer, Tulkinhorn—we pity the abused Sir Leicester—we have a good feeling to trooper George—we incline well to "the young man Guppy"—but we really doat on the "Bagnets"—would like to eat "bacon and greens" with them, for we are, let us confess it, extravagantly fond of boiled dinner and good nature. Old "Deportment" is magnificent—"Boythorn" is an inward summer with an outside bluster—"Skimpole" is an inside winter with an outside sunshine. There are many, we fear, that resemble "Skimpole" in his real egotism, though they are not guilty of the folly of assuming his affected childishness. He is the embodied soliloquy which contains the secret thoughts of many a selfish, epicurean and lazy rascal.

In every page, there is the Dickens-mark, and that sarcastic wit of his cuts sometimes so finely that it seems to divide the nerve. Instances abound in this, as in all his works, of a sharp-sightedness of mind as well as of eye, in which no man that ever wrote has come near to Dickens, and in Dickens himself it seems to grow sharp with age. Esther says, for example, of Mr. Turveydrop—that is, old "Deportment"—"As he bowed to me in that tight state, I almost believe that I saw *creases come into the whites of his eyes*." Professor Dingo used to hold intellectual soirées, and "Every Tuesday evening there was lemonade and a mixed biscuit for all who chose to partake of those refreshments. *And there was science to an unlimited extent.*" The hour being past when Parson Chadbrand, according to appointment, should have been to tea, Mr. Snagsby cautiously alludes to the time: "*What's time,*" says Mr. Snagsby, "*to eternity?*" Smallweed, the usurer, in pouring out his hot hatred against trooper "George," exclaims—"Plague, pestilence, and famine—battle, murder, and sudden death upon him"—*making a curse out of one of his few remembrances of a prayer.* If, as the old saw says, there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous—here there is but one step from the ludicrous to the terrible. Much more we could quote and say, but we will stop here, and spare both our readers and ourselves the labour of a peroration.—*Rev. Henry Giles, in the Augusta (Me.) Age.*

MORE MANUSCRIPT EMENDATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

We (*Post*) learn from the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, that Ticknor & Company intend publishing, in a few days, a pamphlet containing some corrections of the text of Shakspeare's plays, which have been found in a copy of the fourth folio (1685) belonging to Mr. Josiah Quincy, of Boston. These corrections are imilar in their character to those found by Mr. Coller in an old copy of the folio (1632) in his possession, and recently published by him. Some of them, we understand, were identical with Mr. Collier's, and those have generally been omitted in the publication—many of Collier's, however, are not found here, and a number of very remarkable ones some of them more striking even than any of his, are quite new.

The number of these emendations, exclusive of such gross and obvious misprints as are corrected in all modern editions, is something less than four hundred. They are found more or less frequent, in sixteen of the plays.

It is understood that they have been submitted to Halliwell, one of the most eminent of the Shaksperian critics, whose conservatism has led him to battle steadily against the alterations of Mr. Collier, and that it is at his suggestion that Mr. Quincy has been induced to lay his discoveries before the public. We may further remark, that the character and standing of the editor establish the reliableness of his statement beyond all question.

We extract from the *Advertiser* some illustrations of Mr. Quincy's readings:

In Macbeth, act, 1, scene 3, occurs the following passage according to the ordinary reading:

"I am Thane of Cawdor;
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fear
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise; odd nothing is
But what is not."

Three corrections in this passage make the five lines, from the third inclusive, read as follows:

"Whose horrid image doth *affix* my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? Present *feats*
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose *burthen* yet is but fantastical," &c.

The corrections which particulary commends itself by its intrinsic excellence here, is the simple change of a single letter, which makes "fears" read "feats," and thus converts an unmeaning phase into one full of significance, and in perfect harmony with the rest of the passage, which has always hitherto been obscure. The idea evidently is, that anything *done* is better than the horrible things he imagines—the real horrors cannot be less than the ideal. The words *feats* expresses this while *fears* has no meaning. The subsequent charge of "murder" as it used to be printed to "burthen," besides being a most simple correction of what might obviously be an easy misprint, is in keeping with the rest of the play where Macbeth in no instance (unless this be one) uses the word *murder*, but always intimates his meaning by an indirect allusion. The other change of "unfix" to "affix" is perhaps important, but it certainly cannot be objected as to marring the passage.

In Measure for Measure, act III., scene 2, Lucio, having stated the vicious propensities of the absent duke, says, according to the common reading, "A shy fellow was the duke, and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing." The correction makes it "a *sly* fellow." This is a very simple change, but nobody can read the context without admitting its justness.

In Othello, act II., scene 3 occurs this line, according to the common reading:

"And passion having my best judgment *collied.*"

The correction reads "choler'd" Mr. Collier's corrector, who has also tried his hand upon this line, made it "quelled." The substitution of "choler'd" in the new reading is more Shaksperian as well as nearer the misprint.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Twelve thousand soldiers of the Russian army are sick with a singular disease, which causes a bladder-like swelling on the chest, and afterwards discharges a substance of an earthy kind.

—— The Vienna *Lloyd* publishes some interesting personal particulars respecting the Turkish Generalissimo. "Omer Pacha—the writer says—is very much beloved by the soldiers, although he conforms very little to Mohammedan customs—among other things, openly drinking wine at table. He has no harem, but one wife, an Austrian lady from Transylvania. He is a perfect gentleman, a noble horseman, and an indefatigable soldier."

——Femame Orchestras.—William Beckford, the traveller, professes to have seen and heard as follows in Venice, in 1780:

"The sight of the orchestra," he says, "still makes me smile. You know, I suppose, it is entirely of the feminine gender, and that nothing is more common than to see a delicate white hand journeying across an enormous double base, or a pair of roseate cheeks puffing, with all their efforts, at a French horn. Some that are grown old and Amazonian, who have abandoned their fiddles and their lovers, take vigorously to the kettle-drum; and one poor limping lady, who had been crossed in love, now makes an admirable figure on the bassoon."

—— Making Diamond.—The problem of turning charcoal into diamond is half resolved. It is known that these two bodies are identical in matter, and only differ in one being crystalized and the other not. The point was then to crystalize carbon. But the process of crystalization requires the matter in solution, and carbon is the most insoluble of bodies. M. Depretz has, however, succeeded by intensifying our highest heating powers, in bringing it to something of the kind. The carbon was at least transmuted into particles of extreme hardness. Some of these appeared through the microscope to have been crystals though not transparent; but of this he is, as yet, not quite sure. He is only certain, and has shown in fact to members of the Acadamy, that they can do the work of diamond dust in polishing the hardest bodies. This alone would, it is evident, made the discovery of great value; but M. Depretz is very confident of going much further. I need not note that he might finally succeed in crystalizing carbon without however producing artificial diamond—there being several forms of crystalization, of which the diamond is the octochedral.—*Paris Cor.*

——Artificial Pearls.—An oyster, or rather a water muscle, in which the artificial pearls are formed by the Chinese, has recently been sent to England. These pearls are only obtained near Ning-po, and until lately very little was known of the manner in which they were formed. The Hermes steamer, however, on a late visit to that place, was able to obtain several live ones, in which, on being opened, several pearls, as many as 18 or 20, were found in the course of formation. The one sent only contains simple pearls adhering to the shell. It appears they are formed by introducing some pieces of wood or baked earth into the animal while alive, which, irritating it, causes it to cover the extraneous substance with a pearly deposit. Little figures made of metal are frequently introduced, and when covered with the deposit, are valued by the Chinese as charms. These figures generally represent Buddha in the sitting posture, in which that image is most frequently portrayed. Several specimens have, it is said, been preserved alive in spirits, and others slightly opened, so as to show the pearls. The society has reason to believe that it will shortly receive a more detailed statement, accompanied with specimens, in reference to this interesting fact.—*Journal of the Society of Arts.*

—— British Ridicule of Americans.—The London *Times* of the 26th ult., says:

"There appears to be a general opinion in the United States that the writers of this country feel a morbid delight in showing up and exaggerating the shortcomings or eccentricities of the American character, customs and institutions. A very little reflection will prove to our jealous cousins that what they think a special piece of malice aimed at themselves is, in fact, the general custom and immemorial privilege of this country. We avow everything, parade everything, abuse everything that we think deserving of abuse; we spare no man or institutions; and, with the single exception of one person, a sovereign and a woman, there is nobody who does not come in for his share of criticism, and even ridicule, when that is the vein. There is no enormity, no foulness, no treachery, no meanness, no rudeness, or selfishness, that is not exposed, ripped open, dissected, magnified, and exhibited in what may be called oxyhydrogen light, for the satisfaction of the indignant or curious public. The measures we mete to ourselves we mete also to our French, and German, and Italian, and Spanish neighbours—in fact all throughout the continent."

——She will be a Martyr.—A letter from France says that Miss Cunninghame on receiving the order for her release from prison, positively refusing to go until she was literally turned out. The invitations of the officials to her to "come out of that," were altogether idle; and indeed it is quite evident, that the lady felt how completely her pretensions to martyrdom had been cut short by her premature release. Miss Cunninghame in fact proved herself a perfect "Buffalo gal" in her indisposition to "come out," until a due amount of solicitation had been addressed to her.

For our own parts, had we been British officials, employed to negotiate for her release, and she had shown a stubborn disposition to cling to the prison bars, we should have allowed her to remain, and ride as rusty as the bars themselves. We never could see what right she had to scatter Italian Bunyans all over the boot of Italy, and put her own foot in it. We admit the severity of the punishment and the propriety of getting her out of prison, though, as a general rule, it must be laid down, that those who enter a foreign country for the purpose of disturbing its harmony, must expect now and then to have to take a few bars rest.—*Punch.*

——"Mr. Hogarth, of the Haymarket, has published an exceedingly interesting *fac-simile* of a portrait of Shakspeare, formerly in the collection of John Lord Lumley, of Lumley Castle, Durham. It is printed in chromo-lithography, by Mr. Vincent Brooks. It is uniform in size, style, and colour with the original, and is certainly the best imitation of an old oil-painting that we have ever seen. According to Mr. Hogarth's prospectus, the picture from which this engraving has been taken, was sold at a sale of pictures at Lumley Castle, in the year 1785. 'Subsequently it was, with other pictures, repurchased by the Earl of Scarborough, a descendant of Lord Lumley, and remained in the possession of that family until 1807, when the collection was again dispersed. The sale 1807 appears to have been badly managed, for many of the portaits were sold anonymously, and this of Shakspeare among the number. Fortunately, an artist, Mr. Ralph Waters, of Newcastle, was present, who recognised the picture and bought it.' The Lord Lumley, who made the collection, was cotemporary with Shakspeare, and his death is recorded a few years prior to that of that of the poet. We are not disposed to give any positive opinion as to the authenticity of the portrait. It is not unlike the bust in Stratford-on-Avon Church, and attaching, as we do, considerable importance to the bust as an authority, this circumstance is in its favour with us."—*The Builder.*